

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

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*Tommy
Improvises
a Periscope*

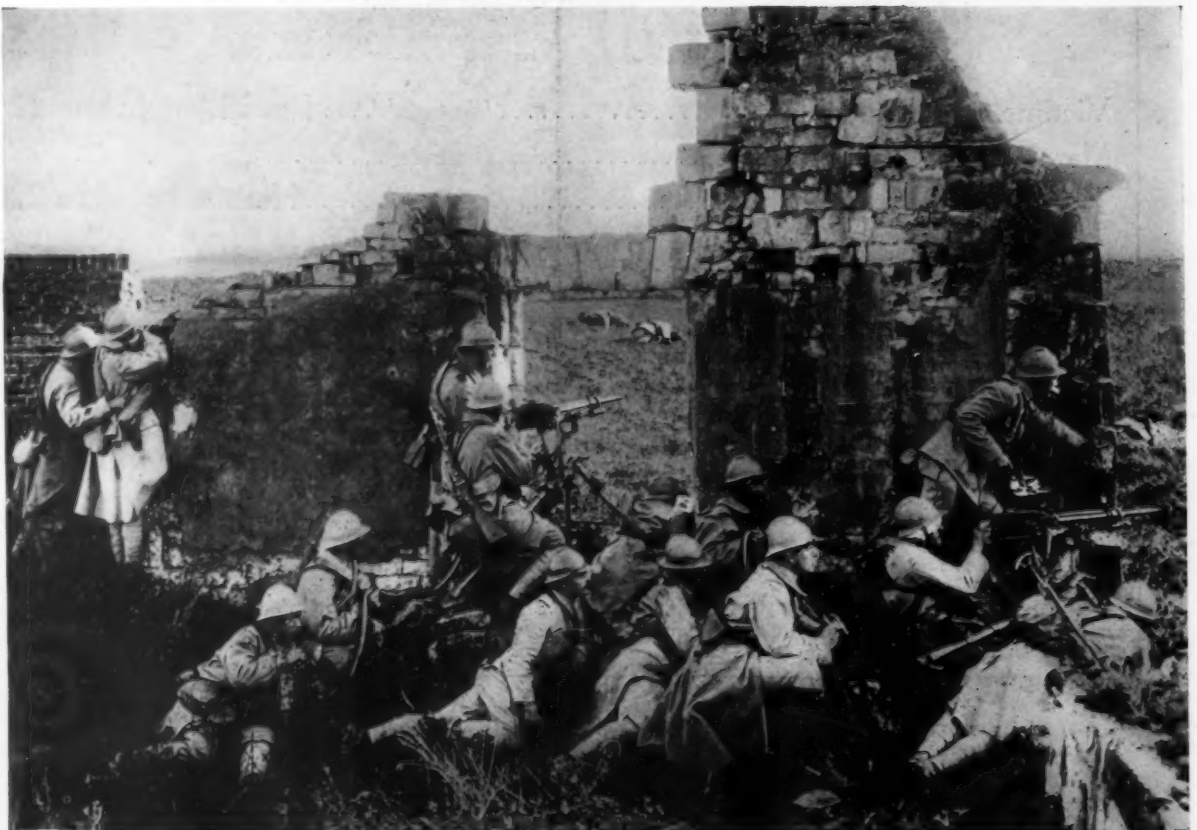
*With a tiny
trench
mirror
fastened
to the
tip of his
bayonet
this Tommy
enjoys a
safe view
of the
Boche
line*

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At the Front

*Sheltered
Behind
Ruined
Walls,
French
Mow Down
the Huns*

*While a
sharpshooter
adds his bit
to the
destructive
fire by
picking off
Boches from
over the
edge of the
wall*



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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



LL eyes and ears in Washington—indeed, in the entire country—are centered on the War Department as the new developments of the long-expected German "spring drive" are flashed from overseas. General March, cool and unperturbed, gave out statements

that reflected his courage and his faith in the power of the Allies to hold the line.

White House, War, Navy and State Building held an atmosphere of real war times. The maps in the President's office were changed from hour to hour, indicating the change in the lines of offense and defense. Men in uniform thronged the streets—every glance expressing the unspoken longing: "Wish I were there!"

Pershing offered to the Allies the entire force of American troops in his command, and the forces opposed to Germany were at last placed under single direction, that of General Foch, the great French strategist.

The bulletin boards were watched with stern, set faces as the brave Britishers were being driven back, and yet there was a feeling that "Tommy" would give an account of himself that would even surpass the glorious story of Wellington's hollow square at Waterloo. Every loyal American heart was with the battle line which might bend, but never waver, in its defense of civilization.

Congress took on a war mood, reflecting the grim sentiment of the country that the United States must be ready for the great crisis. The Senate extended the draft rules, taking in those who have reached the age of twenty-one since June 5, 1917; the sentiment in that body being also in favor of universal military training.

At the White House, the President followed every movement

with tense interest, and cabled hearty congratulations to the dauntless Haig. It was a time for conferences early and late, and long and earnest Cabinet meetings. The unheralded presence of Colonel House in Washington suggested that the President had called on his most intimate advisor for counsel in

the strenuous moments while nearly one million men were being slain on the shell-torn fields of the Somme and the ravished land of Picardy.

*The War Trade Council
Considers Big Problem*

IN war preparations, determination of essential and non-essential is basic. This problem covers a far wider range than mere munitions, armament and food supplies. What is apparently a non-essential may be vitally important in obtaining the essential, therefore becomes essential itself. This is well illustrated in the trade shipments.

For instance, nitrate and copper from Chile are secured by shipping jewelry or automobiles to that country. In this case, jewelry and automobiles, ordinarily deemed non-essentials, become essentials. Wool, wheat and hides are obtained from Argentine by shipping in exchange sewing machines and typewriters.

This fact has had much to do with keeping up export trade with neutral countries in war times, and has a bearing on the question of gold supply, the balance wheel of foreign trade. We need jute and burlap from India, and in return we can send clocks and watches. If

we send goods instead of gold, it means money paid out to employes and keeping the home furances going; it means paying taxes and providing funds necessary to meet the expenses of war. All these phases of trade are being thoroly considered



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COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

This photograph was taken in London during the Colonel's recent visit to that city as the President's special representative

by the War Trade Council in their deliberations at Washington. At first thought, this would seem a simple task, but when all the ramifications of the problem are taken into account, it will be realized that upon the decision of this War Trade Council depends the fate of many industries and commercial enterprises. It may mean a diminution of business for many, but not entire extinction, for, unless it meets a need or demand, the life of any enterprise is necessarily brief.

*Holidays
vs. Strikes*

SPEAKING of strikes, here's a startling revelation made to me by a Congressman as we stood on the Capitol steps. The total number of hours lost thru strikes does not equal the

It was an old veteran who said, "This seems like the old days when we were hoping for new commissions after every battle was fought down South."

*The Succulent Bi-valve
in High Favor*

IT made my mouth water when I read the document issued by the Department of Commerce telling me why I should eat oysters. I had only just returned from the "place" back of the Raleigh, where I ate my fill from the half shells. The oyster production in the United States is the greatest in the world, but now that the food value is recognized it may stimulate the sale of oysters, thereby effecting a saving on meat and other food supplies. A cook book has been issued showing that the oyster is entirely without waste.

*Work of the National
Civic Federation*

IMET Ralph M. Easley, Chairman of the National Civic Federation, in Washington. I knew him first when with Senator Marcus A. Hanna, he worked out some of the most perplexing problems on the labor situation. Today he is Chairman of the Executive Council of the Civic Federation of America and in the few minutes I chatted with him, he clarified many interesting points regarding the work of the Federation.

Such men as Ex-President William Howard Taft, Nicholas F. Brady of the New York Edison Company, and Louis A. Coolidge of the United Shoe Machinery Company, representing employers, and Samuel Gompers and Warren S. Stone representing wage earners, make up the executive council, each man inspired by the spirit of justice and fairness at this time when the country needs harmony and cohesion most of all. Their work together is bringing results that mere propaganda and argumentative discussion or political combat could never accomplish. The loyalty of our labor element in the stress of war is a beacon light for American democracy. The danger of socialism and anarchy and the seriousness of strikes is just so much lessened by the earnestness of this tireless committee, whose work is little known outside its own executive councils.

*Massachusetts Representative
Champions Suffrage*

ALVAN T. FULLER, Representative from Massachusetts, has been the recipient of equal parts praise and criticism for his championship of the Federal amendment in favor of Woman Suffrage. Replying to those who took exception to his vote in the House, he said: "I shall try to struggle along in company with President Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles E. Hughes, King Albert of Belgium, Lloyd George and some other weak-minded brethren, who were apparently deluded on the same subject."

Even Senator Lodge's recent emphatic declaration of an "anti" state of mind has not dashed the hopes of the Massachusetts organization in ultimate victory.

With the swift-moving era of automobiles came Alvan T. Fuller, one of the pioneer automobile dealers of Boston. His aggressive sales vigor was a real business spark plug, and his name was soon as well known as that of any public man. There was always a willing acceptance of civic duties and responsibilities, and he was soon recognized as a live, wide-awake citizen.

Born in Boston, in 1878, a Malden rubber shoe factory was the place of his inaugural into the business world, and there he blazed a path that indicated he was "coming on." When he announced his candidacy for Congress, it was felt that his chances for election were slight, as he opposed a man who had



Copyright, Harris & Ewing FINGER-PRINT EXPERTS FOR THE U. S. NAVY
These four girls have recorded, classified, and filed an impression of the digits of every man in the Navy. The girls are (from left to right): Misses Blanche Donohue and Marie Dahm, New York, and Misses Blanche Stansbury and Julia G. Boswell, both of Alexandria, Virginia

time lost by wage earners on New Year's, Thanksgiving, Labor Day, Memorial Day, Washington's Birthday, etc., to say nothing of the religious holidays. Ever thought of it that way before?

*Finding Names
for the Minesweepers*

IT seemed like the days of naming the handcars Orisiba, Kalamezuma, or any combination of letters that would make a word, when Assistant Secretary Roosevelt decided to give the names of birds to the new minesweepers. After he had exhausted the category, he was obliged to call on the Audubon Society for help. The names of the new destroyers are also occasioning some difficulty, and it is making a heavy draft on the dictionary. After all the birds, from the soaring eagle to the little chickabiddy humming bird have been honored with a minesweeper, the destroyers come along for names of men eminent in naval history. The Assistant Secretary is spending his night reading naval records to get the names needed for the real fighters and destroyers.

*Busy Times
in the "A. G. O."*

ONE of the focal points in the War Department these days is the "A. G. O." Those magic letters indicate where Major General Henry P. McCain, Adjutant General of the United States Army, is located. He sits at a desk before a large mirror and then he seats his guests so that he can see their faces or glance around and see them in the mirror. I often wondered what those mirrors were for—now I understand it.

General McCain, a slender figure with iron gray hair and nerve of steel, is the kind of soldier you expect to see in pictures. Every commission or appointment in the Army must pass over that little old flat desk which is watched with longing eyes by the thousands who are looking for army commissions. The rush for promotions these days surpasses Civil War memories.

served many years with distinction. Mr. Fuller had long been identified with the Progressive movement, knew all the "live-wires" in the district, and his campaign was a triumph of energy. When elected, he declared that "battleships and war preparations, rather than postoffices and political patronage" would be his first consideration.

Alvan T. Fuller is a type of self-made man that appeals to the people as the sort of material out of which Congressmen are made. Like Mr. John N. Willys, he started in the automobile realm thru a bicycle shop, and today operates one of the largest retail establishments for automobiles in the country. This industry has kept Mr. Fuller very busy, but he felt that in the country's hour of need every one should bring all his faculties into play. His independent ways and sterling sincerity made an impression upon his colleagues, and should count in adding to the influence of the New England delegation in Washington when it is most needed.

*The President's
Daughter Speaks*

IN the President's family, the old adage is paraphrased to "like father, like daughter," for his daughter, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre has inherited her illustrious father's happy facility for putting thought into words. At a largely-attended mass meeting in Simmons College, she voiced her own idea of world democracy.

"Freedom of right living, under right ideas," she said, "is the only freedom and is the greatest freedom. Just as we need man power we need woman power. We need the woman power of the United States here at home."

Her appeal to the women in the audience was no less sincere and to the point, saying: "Let it be the triumphant cry of our soldiers, 'What a place to come back to! Because you have done your share here to make the world safe for democracy!'"

*A Piano Manufacturer
to the Rescue*

THE process of sifting the mass of impractical and visionary schemes offered in Washington, to say nothing of subtle plots for graft, is no easy task. The vice-president of a piano company went to Dayton, Ohio, and offered the Wright people a new glue on which he had experimented for years. His product had met the supreme test, for he succeeded in producing a glue absolutely impervious to the insidious assaults of water and damp. It was found to have a tensile and sheer constructive dependability and waterproof quality equal to the best quality of hide glue, which is not waterproof and therefore not available for airplanes.

The question of waterproof varnish is of great importance in airplane construction and, just at a time when the perplexities seemed most aggravated, this piano manufacturer, inspired with the desire to do something for his country, brought forth his waterproof glue; offered his patent rights and the use of his product to the Government.

The glue had met all requirements of piano manufacture, and when the vice-president of the firm learned that the government aircraft program was being delayed for lack of waterproof glue, he went to Washington and offered it free of all patent rights, and he urged his associates to give the formula over to the Government for free use and help along with the airplane construction.

*Big Job Ahead of the
Quartermaster Corps*

GENERAL GOETHALS, with his usual direct methods, has tackled the big questions of the Quartermaster Corps. One of these is a substantial improvement in the weight and quality of clothing furnished to the expeditionary army in France.

Reports from the front indicate that clothing is wearing out at a rapid rate and is not strong enough to stand the test. In this one thing the American is the poorest-clad soldier in France. General Goethals entertains strong opinions on the subject, and something will "fall."

Part of the Quartermaster's job—and a huge one it is—is making preparations to be able to supply nine pairs of shoes per man per year to the soldiers in France, and two pairs per man per year at home. The department has now on hand and due on contracts more than fifteen million shoes. When a man of unusual size—feet, of course—is sent overseas, instructions have been issued that an extra supply of large sized articles be sent along in his company. There are two kinds of shoes—marching shoes and field shoes—and the fifteen million order is divided between them.

*Miss Wilson Sings
at Cantonments*

AFTER making a tour of nearly all the eastern training camps, Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President, has returned to the White House. She opened with a concert at Fort Totten, Long Island, and appeared under the auspices of the activities committee of the Y. M. C. A. In concert she was accompanied on the harp by Melville Clark and on the piano by Mrs. Ross David. The tour began in February and concluded at Cape May, New Jersey, on March 14. Miss Wilson's work has been much appreciated by the soldiers.

*United States Legislators
"Up in the Air"*

THESE are flying days for Congressmen and Senators. One time that Senator Harry New of Indiana laid aside the hat which has been identified with him from infancy was when he made an airplane flight with Lieutenant Charles F. Lee, of the British Royal Flying Corps. Among the prominent men who made a flight that day was Thomas D. Schall, the blind Representative from Minnesota. The start was made near the monument and Captain Sully, who was to bring the big airplane over from Camp Meade, was delayed when he and



Copyright, Harris & Ewing BERNARD M. BARUCH
New Chairman of the War Industries Board

his mechanic replaced the motor, which had become choked with sand.

A new one was supplied and Senator New flew first. He was attired in a heavy leather and sheep's wool aviation coat and a leather helmet with goggles. Starting for his initial flying tour, he jauntily cast aside all senatorial dignity. He decided he wanted to "maneuver" rather than to make a straight flight.

The machine shot into the heavens at an angle of forty-five degrees, and we can fancy the Spartan Senator peering over the side and looking down upon the dome.

Representative Schall "looped the loop," and the machine gathered speed as the spectators watched it turn literally upside down. When he alighted, the blind Congressman thanked the soldier aviator and insisted he was coming back for another trip. It was altogether a thrilling thrill.

*Fewer Social Functions
in Diplomatic Circles*

DIPLOMATIC social functions are few and far between in Washington. There is an absence of the usual banquets and dinners. A new Mexican ambassador and a new Chilean ambassador with large families, the Russian ambassador with no personal family, a new Swiss minister, a new Belgian minister, a new Greek minister, a new Peruvian minister and a new Dutch minister—all this within six months, has upset the usual



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SENATOR NEW GOES AIRPLANING

The Ohio Legislator enjoyed his introduction to the clouds at close range

social routine of the diplomatic circle. An entertaining feature about diplomatic receptions is the practice of the graceful art of kissing the hand. Saluting in this manner is more popular than ever in Washington. It is really interesting to watch the young army officers adapt themselves to the diplomatic custom.

I thought of them when I saw Madame Jusserand being

greeted by a party of guests in the diplomatic corps and army and navy officers at the theatre. The battery of opera glasses turned her way as her hand was being kissed. The Britishers do it with an admirable *sans-froid*, as they like to call it; but it is the young diplomats from the Latin countries who do it most gracefully and unconsciously.



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BROWNING GUN DELIGHTS OUR ALLIES

French, British and American officers visioning the havoc which will be wrought in the "Hindenburg line" when hundreds of thousands of these weapons are in the hands of American doughboys

*Washington Stages
Departmental "Movies"*

EVERY day is moving day in Washington. The expanding departments are crying out for room, and it is a lucky government department that doesn't have to shift quarters with the change in the moon. A clerk in the Ordnance Division of the War Department, with typewriter under one arm and carbon sheets in the other, grew poetic, and here is the lay:

We've been moving in and moving out,
We've been juggled and jostled and tossed about;
We've been given room and some to spare,
We've been crowded like hogs at a county fair;
We've been in sections five and four,
We've been on the first and second floor;
We've been in group A and in group B—
All over the shop and all at sea—
And now we ask in questioning fear,
Where in — do we go from here?

*The Senator's
Sunday-school Story*

SENATOR DUNCAN U. FLETCHER of Florida is telling a new story in the cloak room. It goes like this:

Recently a young man who was visiting the South attended a Sunday-school, and hardly had he entered the room before he was asked to substitute for an absent teacher. Graciously he complied, and was led by the superintendent to a class of young women.

"This gentleman will take the place of Mrs. Jones, ladies," said the superintendent smilingly, "so I will leave him to your tender mercy."

"Now, then, ladies," remarked the young man, taking a seat amidst the pretty bunch and picking up a lesson paper, "I

want to do just as your regular teacher does. What is her first procedure?"

"Well," archly replied one of the pretty ones, "she usually begins by kissing us."

*Hoover Gunning for the
Easter Rabbit;*

IN spite of the fact that the American hen came off her roost and laid "like a good fellow" to reduce the price of eggs, Food Director Hoover was obdurate. He put his foot down on the eggs which the children of Washington each year delight to "roll" on the White House lawn Easter Monday.

"Egg rolling" had its beginning when the lawns of the White Lot were opened many years ago to the children of the capital, who were permitted to disport from sunrise until after sundown. No grown person was ever permitted to enter the White House grounds on Easter Monday unless accompanied by a child.

*A "Trench Dinner"
at the Ebbitt*

WHEN the big automobile field kitchen rolled up in front of the Ebbitt House, it was "carrying coals to Newcastle." Arrangements had been made for a "trench dinner" to be served in the onyx room of the hotel, and two hundred and fifty guests were invited, that being the regular quota of a company of soldiers. The dinner was conveyed from the kitchens at Washington Barracks, where the meal was prepared by pupils in the Army school for bakers and cooks. It was a practical illustration of how food is prepared and transported to the front lines, but to visualize a "trench" in the onyx room required some stretch of imagination that even the mince pie consumed late at night could not induce.

*Another Case of
"What's in a Name?"*

THE wine lists of the Metropolitan, Cosmos and Army and Navy Clubs in Washington since no license went into effect are making a strenuous effort to hold up to their former punch, and all sorts of innocent soft drinks are masquerading under such names as—Hawaiian Punch, Honolulu Rickey, Cherry Bounce, Soda Cocktail, Horses Collar—not the old original with hame-straps and all—and the famous Grape Juice High-Ball. A rose may smell as sweet under any other name, but there are some red-nosed denizens of Washington who will not agree that a drink under any other name tastes the same. Some who are more devilish than others have Bevo.

*Washington's Idea
of a Good Joke*

"See that pretty girl over there; she is a deaf and dumb stenographer."

"Must be working for the Government, then."

Loud guff-haws.

*Nevada's Senatorial
Candidate-ess*

WELL do I remember the lady who sat in the outer room, awaiting an audience with Governor Charles Evans Hughes, shortly after he was nominated for the Presidency. In conversation with this lady, I soon discovered that she had a clear-headed and practical viewpoint on the suffrage question, and I did not wonder that she gained an audience and conference with the political leaders in connection with her work as chairman of the National Woman's Party.

Anyone who really knows Anne Martin of Nevada knows that since she has announced her candidacy for the Senate, it means a real campaign. She is vice-chairman of the National Woman's Party and was instrumental in organizing the Nevada suffrage campaign, which was won in the face of the determined opposition of both parties. A graduate of Nevada University and Leland Stanford University, she was made professor of history in the University of Nevada and taught constitutional government. Later she attended Cambridge University in England and made a study of governmental problems in a tour of European countries.

It was during the 1916 campaign that she was instrumental in obtaining from both political parties a definite statement of their position on the suffrage question.

Her friends have high hopes that she will be the first woman Senator, and feel that as a campaigner she cannot be excelled. Her father was a Senator in the Nevada legislature, and from early childhood she has taken a keen interest in public affairs.



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MISS ANNE MARTIN OF NEVADA

Vice-chairman of the National Woman's Party. She has announced her candidacy for the United States Senate seat made vacant by the death of Senator Newlands

*Consul Frost
Relates Gruesome Experiences*

WHEN Mr. Wesley Frost, American Consul at Queens-town, Ireland, at the time the Lusitania was sunk, arrived in Washington, he had a gruesome, but withal, thrilling story to tell. The bodies of hundreds of Americans, murdered on the high seas, were recovered by Mr. Frost. A quiet-voiced Kentuckian, his narration of those acts of Hun frightfulness makes one wonder that the American nation was held in restraint from declaring war, as the details of those barbarous horrors were flashed over the world by cable.

*Cabinet Women Active
in War Work*

THE wives of our Cabinet officers are doing their part to help win the war. Mrs. Newton D. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, is giving freely of her strength and voice in singing patriotic songs—and she can sing them, too. Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, is an

earnest advocate of woman's duty in the hour of patriotic need. She is a ready speaker, with a pleasing, carrying voice, and many hours of each day are given over to urging necessary war work in the homes of America. She spoke to twelve thousand people in the Sunday tabernacle at the patriotic meeting of the Navy Yard employees.

Mrs. Robert Lansing, wife of the Secretary of State, is another gifted speaker on the opportunity for war service in every American home. The ladies of the Cabinet have specialized. Mrs. Baker on patriotic songs, Mrs. Daniels on women's service, and Mrs. Lansing on thrift and saving to help win the war.



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MRS. THOMAS R. MARSHALL

The wife of the Vice-President is pictured knitting for soldiers in the rooms which the women of the Senate are using for war work

Secretary Daniels
"Tells It to 'Em"

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, the Secretary of the Navy, believes in keeping his eye on the rabbit—or is it the U-rat? In talking with a friend he said: "The thought of the things to be done in the immediate present is too big to leave us time or inclination to think of the future. That is as it should be. We are living and working in the biggest epoch of the world's history. Why neglect it for a moment? Our only concern need be that we produce something now that the future will have occasion to be grateful for."

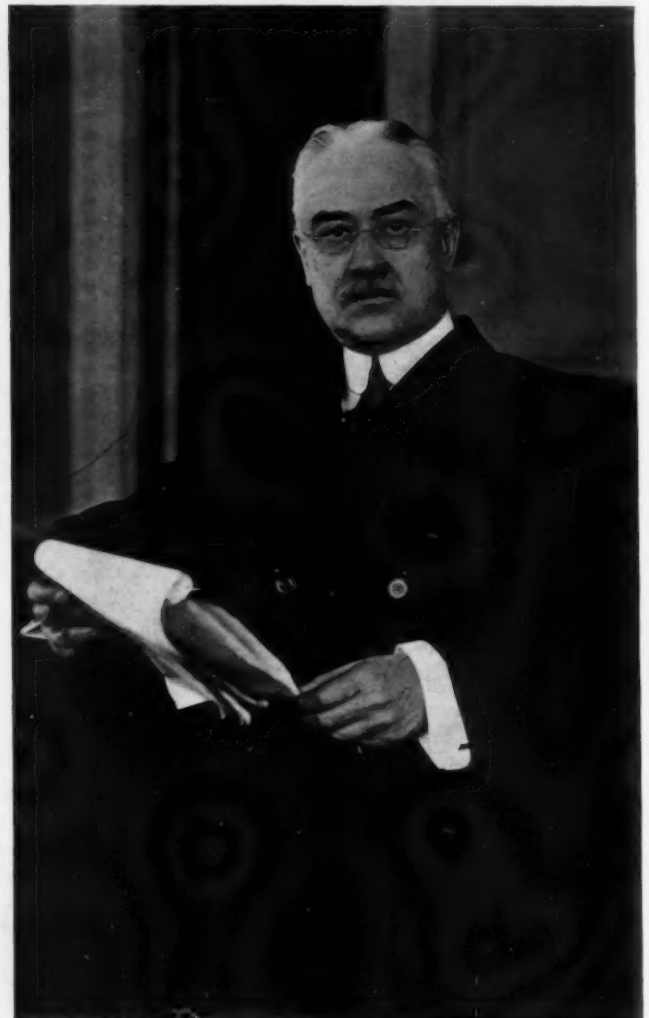
Eminent Advocates
of Food Conservation

JOHN B. LORD, Everett Colby, and the other food commissioners recently returned from Europe, after an investigation of food conditions on the other side, are able to tell a graphic story to the American people. That the need of food conservation may more readily be visualized, they are now touring the country and lecturing. The first meeting was held in Keith's Theater at Washington where the audience was stirred by the

tales of privation, terror and indomitable fortitude. The story of French and British conservation related thruout the United States, will arouse the people—make them understand what real sacrifice means. At the first meeting in Washington a dramatic scene was enacted when Senator Colby bowed toward a group of French officers and said: "Whenever I see the blue of the French army, I uncover to France." The audience broke into deafening applause, and the group of French soldiers, whom Colby saluted, were finally compelled to rise and bow in recognition of the tribute. The Marine Band played "The Marseillaise," while the entire audience stood—a mark of honor usually accorded only to the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The Grand Old Man
of the House

UNCLE JOE CANNON in a wheel chair was one of the novel sights at the Capitol. Uncle Joe had slipped—he doesn't often slip—on the ice and the result was a disabled arm. His cheeks were just as pink and the black cigar was tipped at the same angle as of yore. Doctors and nurses succeeded in restraining the veteran in his room for a week only—then he was right on deck when his vote was needed.



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EDWARD R. STETTINIUS

For two years purchasing agent for the Allied armies, spending \$100,000,000 a month in this capacity. He has recently been made Surveyor General of Supplies in the War Department

George Creel and His
"Official Bulletin"

WITH a regularity that is welcome, and a dignity worthy the revered *Congressional Record*, the "Official Bulletin," is one publication eagerly sought in Washington. After all the vicissitudes of launching, with criticisms running high fore and

aft, the Committee on Public Information is meeting a war situation. Under the direction of George Creel, the newspapers and periodicals have not suffered unnecessary strictures of censorship at its hands. The United States Committee on Public Information has been more liberal in its news than that of any other nation at war. The people have been given details thru moving picture slides, pamphlets, newspapers, periodicals and posters. Every channel of publicity has been utilized to show what the Government is doing. Mothers and fathers view in moving pictures the military maneuvers and training methods at the various camps and cantonments.

Mr. Creel's early training as a newspaper man and magazine writer has given him a keen sense of the value of news, and his department has been a veritable clearing-house in recording the progress of the war. Some of the ablest writers of the country have been preparing the articles which are given out thru all the various avenues of publicity.

In the historic old residence at 10 Jackson Place, the site long favored as the location of the proposed new state department building, the mills of public information grind slowly and



Photo by Packard Studio

GEORGE CREEL

Chairman of the Committee on Public Information

surely. The system of a newspaper or magazine office has been adopted and assignments are given out with the precision required in the production of a paper or periodical.

The records of the office are already a veritable archive for reference and the "Official Bulletin" has a staid and stately character that does not much resemble the sprightly dash of George Creel's early journalistic adventures in Kansas City and Denver. The books and pamphlets have the thrill of a "best seller" throwing the spotlight on events that led to war. The statements given out by the officials go clear thru this department in order that confusion may be eliminated and that all may be clarified thru one source. A day's correspondence indicates the usual queries that are presented at a railroad information bureau, from finding a lost dog to "questionnaires" on any and all subjects. How far this bureau can control information while Congress is in session and the various hearings are being held is difficult to determine, for the traditional privilege of Congress in its discussions and hearings embrace a wide latitude.

Food Administration Lists Polyglot Restaurants

THE activity of the Food Commission in its campaign among the restaurants of the different cities for compliance with its regulations, brings to light some interesting figures. New York City is an illustration. Experienced hotel men estimated the number of eating places in that city as between four and five thousand. A police canvass showed the actual number to be 18,927. In more than half of these practically no English is spoken. The number of restaurants put down as English-speaking restaurants is only 8,100. There are 2,400 German restaurants. There are 2,500 Yiddish restaurants or eating places, and in addition two which are classed as "Jewish." Here is a list of the remainder, classified nationally or racially:

Italian	1,600	Norwegian	200	Finnish	13
French	600	Bohemian	91	Roumanian ..	9
Greek	600	Danish	85	Turkish	7
Polish	600	Syrian	75	Swiss	6
Russian	485	Armenian	60	West Indian ..	6
Hungarian	400	Dutch	41	Cuban	3
Spanish	390	Portuguese ...	20	Belgian	2
Swedish	300	Lithuanian ...	14	Hindu	2
Chinese	230	Japanese	13	Filipino	1

The President at Home

STOCKTON AXSON, secretary of the American Red Cross has contributed an interesting chapter to the current history of the times by giving an intimate picture of the White House as a home, and an evening with the President. He says in part:

"The outward physical aspect of the White House in the evening is in calm contrast to the rattle and roar and glare of the neighboring streets. The house is remote from the highway, encompassed with a park surrounded by an iron fence, the many gates closed, at each gate a policeman within, a soldier sentinel without. From the post lights of the front gates to the huge lantern of the portecochere the gravelled driveways sweep in long crescent curves thru a space unlighted except when moonbeams are filtering thru the reticulated branches of the elm trees, oaks and sycamores, leafless in November. In that same soft, silent moonlight the house takes an added quiet dignity, for its architecture has an affinity for moonlight, as has a Greek temple. Fortunately, the house was built before America forgot what their Colonial ancestors knew about comely architecture, knowledge which strangely lapsed in the middle period of our nationality, but, happily, was recollected again in the last few decades. The proportions of the White House, the long, simple lines, the white walls, white porticos and white columns, are always a rewarding sight to the lover of beauty, but never more so than when the friendly moon is working its unobtrusive magic. High power electric lamps light the front entrance with brilliancy befitting a public building, but the windows of the second story glow with a mellow inner light, a domestic light.

"The household life within is very domestic. It is eight o'clock of an evening. The family has dined and gone upstairs to the 'oval room,' large, with massive furniture upholstered in rose color, but the real 'living room' of the family, and made cosily livable by a hundred intimate touches, of books and family pictures and friendly oil lamps on the tables and a cheery wood fire crackling on the hearth, and, above all, by the human occupants in the simplicity of a life as domestic as any in America.

"Perhaps, and most likely, the President himself has had to leave the circle for awhile and go into his adjoining private office (his public office is outside, in the Executive Building) to read and sign some papers (such momentous papers!) or to talk with a cabinet officer over a private telephone, or (this more rarely) to hold a personal interview with some member of his official family, an interview made necessary by some sudden turn of critical affairs. But so soon as he can he will rejoin the family in the oval room, to chat with them or to read aloud from some book, perhaps a new book (Continued on page 237)



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Battling *the Hun* in the Clouds

An Interview with Pat O'Brien—*American*

By WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS

THERE was a volley of shots; a sound as of wind sighing in the pines; a wild dash thru space; the rending, twisting, splintering shriek of dismembered framework—a crash; the first Hun battle plane to be engaged by an American aviator had been sent to its Liege.

The rising sun had just dispersed the mist which enveloped "No Man's Land" when six machines skimmed over the Allied trenches and soared into the clouds on the regulation two-and-one-half hour morning patrol. The machine in advance, a single-seater fighting machine, was commanded by "Lieutenant" O'Brien, R. F. C. The planes climbed to a height of eighteen thousand feet, crossed the German lines, and separated. From his point of observation the American aviator detected two German balloons far below—the hardest of any variety of air craft to bring down. It is a rule of the service that after the patrol is finished aviators may go out for two and one-half hours on what is known as a roving commission. On these cruises the average airman prefers to go alone. It was thus with Pat. Returning to the Allied lines, O'Brien, with one companion machine, set out. The American started for where he supposed the Hun balloons to be, his companion headed for the lines.

The morning was murky, the sun disappeared, clouds came up, and the German balloons were hidden from view. O'Brien shut off his

NOT many years ago the use of aircraft as offensive and defensive instruments of warfare was hardly considered a possibility. Even at the outbreak of the present great crisis aeroplanes were considered only in the light of fleet scouts, and aerial observing stations. Today the old viewpoint is obsolete. Knowledge of what may be achieved thru this modern arm of the service has caused the greatest strategists of the time to declare that the nation whose air fleets are the largest, the better manned, the most daring, will win the war. In a word, then, the succinct calculations of the keenest and most carefully trained observers is: the present struggle will be won or lost in the air. What then are the Allies doing to perfect themselves in aeronautics? What has already been accomplished? What lessons have been learned from experience? You cannot read this story of what one brave American boy has accomplished without experiencing a great patriotic urge. You will end it with a feeling of increased faith in your homeland, and the belief that it is the best country on earth—its sons the bravest.—The Editor.

motor, drifted down, and came out of the clouds. Immediately below him was a two-seater Hun plane, doing hostile artillery work. The German machine was equipped with wireless, and thru its use was directing the fire of the German guns on the Allied trenches.

The moment Pat emerged from the clouds the German artillery sent out a bomb signal to apprise the Hun aviators that an enemy machine was above them. The Ger-

mans turned their machine to have a look at the American airman. Before they had time to fire, however, O'Brien opened up on them. The German observer was hit by the first two shots. The pilot of the Hun machine stuck her nose earthward, diving straight down at a velocity of over two hundred and ten miles an hour. The American followed, keeping up an incessant fire at the fleeing Huns.

The strain of the dive was too severe for the pursuing plane, however, and O'Brien was compelled to straighten her up. He was then at an altitude of about four thousand feet.

The German machine was still diving, but when less than one thousand feet from the ground, the wings crumpled, and the plane dove into the ground.

Then followed the most uncomfortable hour the American aviator ever endured. Four thousand feet is a fair range for the Hun artillery, and they opened fire with machine guns and "flaming onions"—the latter being a hot rocket which sets



fire to any machine with which it connects. The Germans also let loose their "Archies"—anti-aircraft guns. The result was that the lone American was surrounded with a barrage of fire. There was but one chance to escape death, and that was to burst thru the barrage, and that was only a chance.

In order to fool the enemy, O'Brien commenced to sidestep—fly in a zigzag course—his machine was hit many times, and each piece of shrapnel which hit the plane reverberated like a bass drum. The enemy balloons were still in sight, but to go after them now was impossible. Slowly circling again and again to fool the Hun gunners, the American worked himself back toward his own lines. Finally, straightening his machine, he made a wild dash thru the barrage and flew for safety. He was about half a mile from the Allied lines when a stray shot hit his motor, damaging it so badly that he was forced to descend.

The awful sensation experienced by O'Brien is indescribable. To the best of his knowledge he was just over No Man's Land, to descend into which is the airman's greatest horror. Altho the plane was badly damaged, O'Brien managed to hold it up, and, as the wind was in his favor, he landed a mile within his own lines. Where he landed, however, was in plain view of the enemy artillery balloons, which wirelessly his position to the German artillery. O'Brien, who observed their signals, hid in a shell hole. So accurate was the Hun fire that when he emerged from his place of concealment there was not enough left of his machine to serve as a souvenir of the fight.

After several adventures in the infantry trenches, the machineless airman made his way to an airdrome where he was given another machine. On the evening of the same day, with

four other aviators, he was dispatched on a sortie, and started for the Hun lines. When almost above the first German line of trenches, three English machines were discovered three thousand feet below engaged in a battle with nine Hun planes.



"LEFTENANT" PAT O'BRIEN



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WRECKAGE OF ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN BY LIEUT. ROBINSON NEAR CUFFLE, ENGLAND. Lieutenant Leete Robinson in his aircraft boldly assailed the invader with machine gun and fire-bombs, and sent it crashing to the earth, leaving behind it a tail of comet-like smoke and flame. It hit the earth, a mass of ribbons and tangled wreckage. Pat O'Brien describes a fight similar to this one

"I knew right then that we were in for it," said O'Brien. "I could see over toward the ocean a whole flock of Hun machines which had evidently escaped the attention of our scrappy countrymen below us. We dived down on the nine Huns.

"At first the fight was fairly even. There were eight of us to nine of them. But soon the other machines which I had seen in the distance, and which were flying even higher than we were, arrived on the scene, and, when they, in turn, dived down on us, there were just twenty of them to our eight. Four of them singled me out. I was diving and they dived after me, shooting as they came. Their tracer bullets were coming closer to me every moment.

"These tracer bullets are balls of fire which enable the shooter to follow the course his bullets are taking, and to correct his aim accordingly. They do no more harm to a pilot if he is hit than an ordinary bullet,

but if they hit the petrol tank—good night! When a machine catches fire in flight, there is no way of putting it out. It takes less than a minute for the fabric to burn off of the wings and then the machine drops like an arrow, leaving a trail of smoke like a comet.

"As their tracer bullets came closer and closer to me, I



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CLOSE-UP VIEW OF GIANT NEW AIR CRUISER

One of the largest and most luxurious in the country, the machine was designed to carry five, but at a recent test it carried eleven. The cruiser was built by the Curtiss Company for the American Trans-Oceanic Company, of which Rodman Wanamaker is president. From tip to tip the wings measure seventy-six feet, and over all she is fifty-four feet in length; equipped with electric lights, electric starter, search-light and numerous other features. It is an indication of the tremendous strides taken in passenger aircraft thru the impetus of the possibilities developed in this branch of transportation by war necessities.

realized that my chances of escape were nil. Their very next shot I felt must hit me.

"Once some days before, when I was flying over the lines, I had watched a fight above me. A German machine was set on fire, and dived down thru our formation in flames on its way to the ground. The Hun was diving on such a sharp angle that both his wings came off, and, as he passed within a few hundred feet of me, I saw the look of horror on his face. Now, when I expected any moment to suffer a similar fate, I could not help thinking of that poor Hun's last look of agony. I realized that my only chance lay in making an Immelman turn. This turn, which I made successfully, brought one of their machines right in front of me, and as he sailed along, barely ten yards away, I had the drop on him. He knew it.

"His white face and startled eyes I can still see. He knew beyond question that his last moment had come. His position prevented his taking aim at me while my gun pointed straight at him. My first tracer bullet passed within a yard of his head, the second looked

as if it hit his shoulder, the third struck him in the neck, and then I let him have the whole works. He went down in a spinning nose dive.

"All this time the three other Hun machines were shooting away at me. I could hear the bullets striking my machine, one after another. I hadn't the slightest idea that I could ever beat off those three Huns, but there was nothing for me to do but fight, and my hands were full.

"In fighting, your machine is dropping, dropping, all the time. I glanced at my instruments. My altitude was between eight thousand and nine thousand feet. Then, while I was still looking at the instruments, the whole blamed works disappeared. A burst of bullets went into the instrument board and blew it to smithereens, another bullet went thru my upper lip, came out of the roof of my mouth, and lodged in my throat. The thought flashed to my brain, 'I am killed,' and I wish to say here that it is my emphatic belief that no matter how quickly a man dies, his brain will receive that impression ere he passes into oblivion. The next thing I knew was when I came to in a German hospital the following morning at five o'clock (German time). I was a prisoner of war!"

How Pat subsequently escaped, leaped from a flying train, tunnelled under barbed wire entanglements, entered Holland, and thence made his way to America on leave, are matters of history, and need no mention here. Needless to say, he reached America with more inside information than perhaps any American to date.

O'Brien, like all brave men, is unassuming. He dislikes to talk about himself, but glories in describing what others have accomplished. With no thought that he might be overshadowing his own exploits, he particularly likes to dwell on what the airmen, known as "Aces," have accomplished in air battles.

There is an old proverb which says that the proclivity to gamble is inherent in each of us. Be this as it may, it is nevertheless true that the title of "Ace," the highest card in the deck, is bestowed on those airmen who have vanquished a prescribed number of the enemy—the destruction having taken place within sight of a third party, whose testimony is conclusive proof. Many of the fighters have destroyed their quota of antagonists, but, unfortunately, get no credit for their accomplishments because the enemy has dropped behind his own lines, and there were no witnesses other than the victors. The title of "Ace" was selected, possibly, for no other reason than that the career of the airman is a gamble with death, and is, therefore, awarded only to those who have attained a certain number of points. There have been many "Aces" since the entree of aircraft into the war, but among them all Major



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ONE OF THE LATEST TYPE AMERICAN FIGHTING PLANES

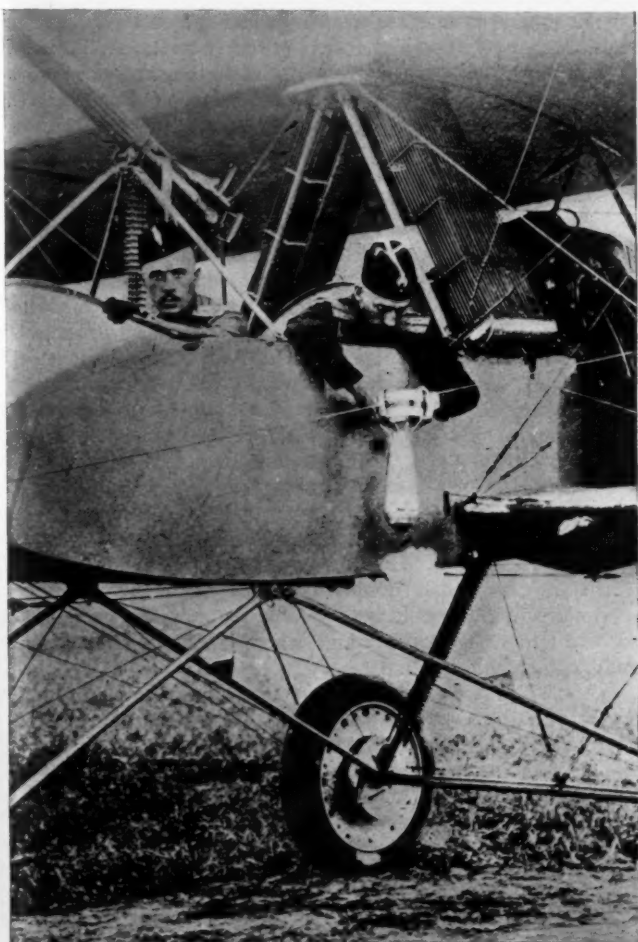
This biplane is the evolution of the fighting machines that have been in use by the belligerent powers since the beginning of the war. All the modern features are utilized. This type will be well represented in the great air fleet now in construction for Uncle Sam.

William A. Bishop, Canadian, holds the title of the greatest living air fighter.

Major Bishop's appearance is entirely at variance with his reputation as a fighter. Of slender physique, weighing a little less than one hundred and fifty pounds, one can hardly reconcile this boy of twenty-three to the generally conceived picture of a fighting man-bird. An antagonist to be feared by those pitted against him in the air, the Major is as diffident when asked to recount one of his exploits as a blushing, stammering schoolboy. He is noted as the most modest man in the air today.

To perform one of the most hazardous and commendable feats of the war, and then almost lose the credit for it, is one of the most heartbreaking and discouraging things that can happen to any fighter. It takes all of the backbone out of him. How Major Bishop came within an ace of losing recognition for successfully carrying thru, single-handed, the most dare-devil feat of the war—a feat for which he was afterwards awarded the Victoria Cross—is a remarkable story.

Like O'Brien, Major Bishop is a believer in going out on roving commissions single-handed. So, one morning in May, before breakfast, he flew across the German lines to an enemy airdrome. Diligent search failing to uncover any enemy planes, he flew to another airdrome three miles distant, twelve miles inside the German lines. There were enemy machines a-plenty



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FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT

The officer to the right is fastening a bomb to his machine getting it ready for use

here. Seven machines, some with their engines running, were on the ground. Flying to within fifty feet of these, the young aviator gave battle, killing one mechanic.

One of the machines left the ground, but Bishop, at a height of sixty feet, fired fifteen rounds into it at close range. It is doubtful if the Hun even knew he was hit, so overwhelmingly destructive was the result of the fusillade. Another machine

rose to the aid of the first Hun plane, and was rewarded with thirty rounds fired at one hundred and fifty yards. Its final resting place was a tree. Two avenging machines immediately left the airdrome, chased the Canadian airman to a height of one thousand feet, but, at this height, Bishop suddenly turned, engaged the nearest machine in battle, and sent it crashing to the ground. The next instant he dove down behind the second machine, came up behind it—a plan of air fighting which he himself invented, and which is now a part of Allied air tactics—



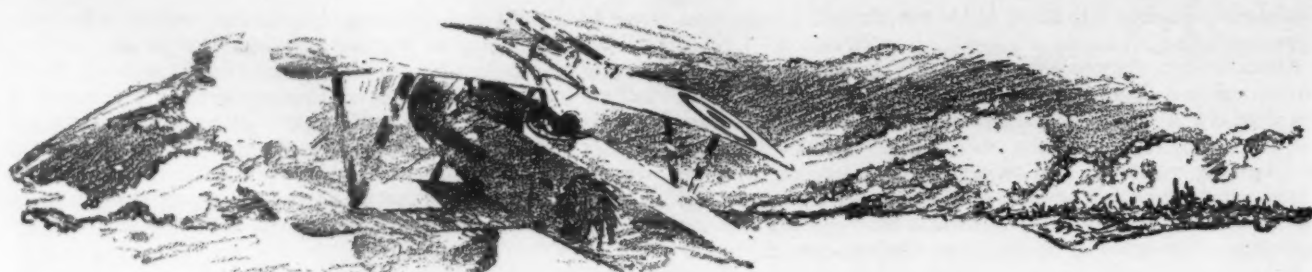
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LOOKS DEADLY—AND IT IS

A French reconnoitering machine with two machine guns joined together on a turret behind the pilot. The French use a Farman biplane usually for reconnoitering work, and they do not go out to fight; the guns are for defense rather than attack. The skull and crossbones indicate the feeling of the Frenchmen in this airship—that they will not hesitate to drop an enemy plane if the opportunity presents itself

emptied a whole drum of cartridges into the hostile plane, and flew for the Allied lines.

His return journey was extremely hazardous. Four hostile scouts were above him for a mile, enemy artillery opened up on him, badly damaging his machine gun, but he managed to reach his station safely. When he recounted his exploit, however, he was laughed at—no one had seen his feat, there was no proof. The result being that the best airman alive today almost lost his nerve. Bishop was too true a fighter to give in, tho, even in the face of disbelief. He continued making daring flights, and, a short time afterwards, his story was proven. Proven, strange to say, not by the Allies, but by the Germans themselves. A German prisoner captured several days later told his captors about how an English birdman, name unknown, had attacked a German airdrome single handed, killed four Huns, destroyed an equal number of planes, and then escaped from avenging German pursuers. Thus, thru chance,



the young aviator's story was corroborated, he was given a furlough, and told to report at Buckingham Palace on his way home. King George personally pinned on his breast the Victoria Cross, Distinguished Service Order, and Military Medal—every military medal which Great Britain can bestow, and this twenty-three-year-old airman is the only man living who has them all.

A typical idea of the Major's modesty can be gathered from a succinct story of adventure which he told on his recent trip to the United States.

"I was up about ten thousand feet," said the Major, "going thru a cloud bank, without a thing on my mind but to get back six or seven miles within the German lines and see what was going on, when I heard the rattle of machine guns. I looked back, and there were three Germans coming straight for me. We all started firing at about three hundred yards. I gave all I had to one fellow, and he came to within ten yards of me before I swerved. He went by in flames. I turned on the second, and he fell, landing only about a hundred yards from the first one, which shows how fast we were going. I was excited and the third machine escaped," he added apologetically.

This modest statement from the greatest air fighter alive today—a man who has had one hundred and ten single combats with German flyers, who has sent forty-seven hostile planes to earth, who has had innumerable thrilling escapes, one in which he fell four thousand feet with his machine in flames, and who has sent twenty-three other planes down, but under conditions which made it impossible to know for certain that they or their pilots were destroyed—is typical of the man. Perhaps, however, it is this very disinclination to talk about himself that makes him a really great fighter, thus verifying the old adage that "actions speak louder than words."

The art of aviation, like all other professions, has its tricks. Perhaps none of them, however, is so unique in its purpose, or withal so interesting, as the "spinning nose dive" described by O'Brien.

"It often happens," said Pat, "that a pilot will be chasing another machine when suddenly he sees it start to spin. Perhaps they are fifteen thousand or eighteen thousand feet in the air, and the hostile machine spins down for thousands of feet. He thinks he has hit his man and goes home happy because he has brought down another 'Hun.' He reports the

occurrence to the squadron, telling how he shot down his enemy, but when the rest of the squadron come in with their report, or some artillery observation balloon sends in a report, it develops that when a few hundred feet from the ground the supposed dead man in the spin has come out of the spin and gone merrily on his way for his airdrome.

"It may be well to explain here just what a spinning nose dive is. A few years ago the dive was considered one of the most dangerous things a pilot could attempt, and many men were killed getting into this spin and not knowing how to come out of it.

"In fact, lots of pilots thought that when once you get into a spinning nose dive there was no way of coming out of it. It is now used, however, in actual flying.

"The machines that are used in France are controlled in two ways, both by hands and feet, the feet working the yoke or rudder bar which controls the rudder that steers the machine.

"The lateral controls on fore and aft, which cause the machine to rise or lower, are controlled by a contrivance called a 'joy stick.' If, when flying in the air, a pilot should release his hold on this stick, it will gradually come back toward the pilot.

"In that position the machine will begin to climb. So if a pilot is shot and loses control of this 'joy stick,' his machine begins to ascend, and climbs until the angle formed becomes too great for it to continue or the motor to pull the plane; for a fraction

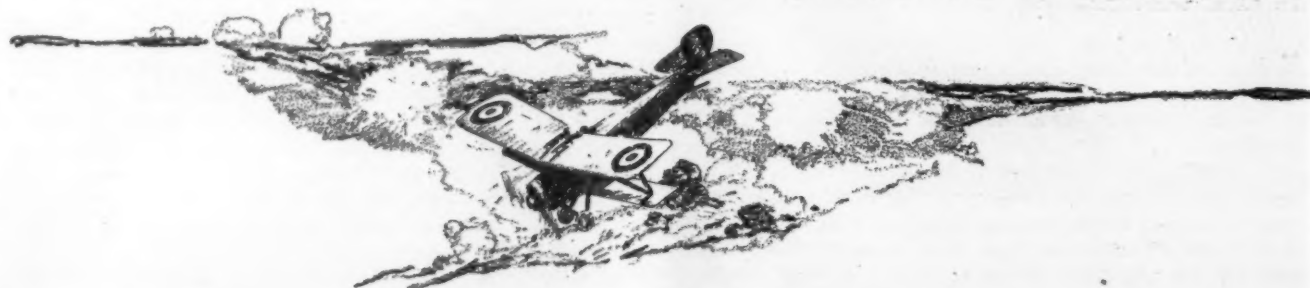
of a second it stops, and the motor then being the heaviest, it causes the nose of the machine to fall forward, pitching down at a terrific rate of speed and spinning at the same time.

"If the motor is still running it naturally increases the speed much more than it would if the motor were shut off, and there is great danger that the wings will double up, causing the machine to break apart.

"Altho spins are made with the motor on, you are dropping like a ball being dropped out of the sky, and the velocity increases with the power of the motor.

"This spinning nose dive has been frequently used in 'stunt' flying in recent years, but is now put to practical use by pilots in getting away from hostile machines, for when a man is spinning it is almost impossible to hit him, and the man making the attack invariably thinks his enemy is going down to certain death in the spin.

(Continued on page 238)



The Question She Asked Herself

(Should She Forswear Her Right to Freedom by Denying Her Right to Sacrifice?)

By MARY EVERETT CARROLL



HAT had Olive meant by that queer look and smile? The look particularly bothered Helen, because it seemed to see thru her and far beyond. It wasn't like Olive to be so mysterious—not like her at all.

Olive had told of her brother, lately returned from France, where he had driven an ambulance, and she, Helen, had voiced perfunctory praise of the boy's heroism. The talk had drifted to the proposed selective draft then being debated in Congress. Olive strongly favored such a move, but Helen hadn't agreed with her, remarking, in addition, that Carl wouldn't have to go in any event.

Then had come the look and the smile. The conversation had ended abruptly because of the entrance of "the chief." Busy as she was all day, Helen couldn't banish the thought of Olive's queer action. Probably the mention of Carl had caused the smile—but the look? Of course Olive, being unmarried, couldn't be expected to understand why Helen's Carl shouldn't go.

Carl go to war? Her heart stopped its regular beat at the very thought. Then the hot blood of reaction flooded her temples as she reassured herself. They *wouldn't* take Carl, surely.

She knew she had been dreading that very thing ever since the possibility of war had become a probability, but could never bring herself to face the issue. She'd always had to fight for Carl, and oh, she was sick of it, sick. Why did the old war have to come, anyway? Just to spite her and keep her from having what she'd always wanted?

When she married Carl, it was against the wishes of her mother and the advice of her friends. The mother's chief objection lay in the fact that Carl couldn't really support a wife; the friends, in that Carl's ancestry was unmistakably German.

In the midwest town where Helen's childhood was spent, the "hill" people and the "river" people engaged in bitter rivalry. One section of the town, the German section, was situated on the hill, and a mixed population of Irish, French and English—the real "first settlers"—lived under the hill on the river. From the latter element came the town's "four hundred," and social, as well as business lines were strictly drawn. Helen had lived on the river; Carl, on the hill.

But, even as a boy, the townspeople acknowledged that Carl was "different." When he went to Berlin to study music, they predicted great things for him, and then forgot him. At least the "river" people did—all save Helen. Bulky letters with a foreign postmark arrived at the Patterson house with frequent regularity, and Helen's mother, while ill-pleased, forbore to criticize. Long ago, this lady had found that her daughter could not be ruled save thru her affections. She hoped, however, that Carl Hoffman would stay in Berlin. She trembled to think what would happen with Helen married to a German—the autocratic ways of the male of that species being well known.

On Carl's return she realized the futility of opposition and gave a grudging consent. Handsome of person and distinguished of air, Carl was lionized for a time, and all barriers

seemed to be forgotten. Several of the "hill's" younger generation, on returning from school or college, had abandoned their traditional Lutheranism and embraced the Church of England, thus rising mightily in the town's social scale. Gradually the old lines of difference were being eliminated, when, like a bolt from the blue, came the invasion of Belgium.

To Helen, "newly married and happy quite," the newspaper dispatches meant little. They seemed to her like a fiction story—like reading history of the Revolution or the Civil War. It was all so far away. To Carl, fired with ambition, and proudly shouldering his new responsibilities, it was some sort of bad dream. Surely, the Germany where he had lived so long could not be guilty of such atrocities. The newspaper reports must have been exaggerated. At any rate, why worry about something that couldn't possibly concern him?



Noticing an unwonted preoccupation about him recently, and fearful of what it might presage, she had avoided discussion of the subject

Carl's old music master had come to St. Louis to escape from war-mad Berlin, so to St. Louis went Carl and Helen. A choir position, second violin in a theatre orchestra, and a few pupils secured thru influential friends of his father, paid for Carl's lessons and a frugal "living" for the two. A small apartment in the south end of the city was their home. In the midwest, "Soud Saind Louie" is the subject of many jokes, for the section is generally believed to be populated solely by persons of Teutonic extraction. However correct this impression may have been in years past, the locality surrounding Tower Grove Park and Shaw's Garden is, in reality, a veritable colony of "newly-weds." To this section, then, went Helen and Carl.

At first it was a wonderful game, the "living on a little," and Helen delighted in her knack of economizing, while appearing

to be lavish in her cookery. Carl, of course, was extravagant in his praise of her culinary accomplishments, which was but natural, in the circumstances; still, even her dearest enemy could but admit that Helen was a good cook. But—the daily round of it, and the washing dishes and the cleaning house and the lonesome hours during the day when there was nothing to do! She'd even washed her curtains when there was no necessity for doing so, just to keep occupied. The three-room apartment seemed to grow smaller every day, the cheap furnishings hateful. Helen often caught herself longing to break the "ten-cent-store" dishes, which had been such a dear joke so short a time before.

It wasn't that she didn't love Carl, or was sorry she had married him—perish the thought! But she did want a little home all their own, with real china and silver and linen and furniture and carpets and curtains. Oh, she'd been window shopping so many times, mentally choosing and buying a complete outfit for her dream home.

She knew Carl was doing his best. She believed fiercely in his future—but the waiting was hard. Only a beast would complain, she told herself.

* * *

Then came her great idea: Why couldn't she herself go to work, and then there'd be that much more money, which could be put away toward a home? How Carl had stormed and argued and pleaded with her to stay as she was. He didn't want his wife having to earn her living, having to work for money! She could understand his viewpoint, but held out against him, and, as usual, had her way.

So her old friend Olive had obtained a position for her, and she had soon regained the speed at dictation and on the typewriter which had won for her the respect of her employers and the envy of her associates in the days before her marriage.

When the news of this development reached the home town, "I told you so" letters came from her friends, and a generous offer of help from both her mother and Carl's. But, having scorned their advice, and believing, as Helen expressed it, that "every tub should stand on its own bottom," they had refused these offers. "Why it's fun," insisted Helen, "I love being back in the office. The role of *hausfrau* wasn't meant for me." And so she told Carl, who was becoming more accustomed to her new regime, and happy in her seeming contentment.

She never let him know how hard it was, the coming home from work to prepare dinner, and then the cleaning up afterward, while he was at the theatre. Many a night found Helen "in the washtub" in order to save the cost of laundry.

With the passing months, their "little home" became more and more of a passion with her, and her mind, busy with plans, made her forgetful of physical fatigue.

Then came April, 1917, with its anxious days and nights while the country was teetering on the brink of war. "It will be," "It can't be," "It must be," "I suppose it's inevitable"—the tone, more than the words themselves expressed the state of mind of the speaker. The decision was reached, and the few American boys, who, visioning the issues at stake, had taken part in the struggle overseas, were to be reinforced by a vast army, to be raised and trained in an incredibly short time.

Americans suddenly awoke to the situation: "It will mean me and you and you—we will have to fight, or give up our loved ones as cannon fodder," said some, while others opined: "At last, at last, we should have been at it long ago!"

With so many others, Helen refused to think of what it might mean; refused to acknowledge it as a personal war.

* * *

As the days passed and the "draft" possibility became a certainty, she vainly tried to rid herself of the idea that Carl must go. Noticing an unwonted preoccupation about him recently, and fearful of what it might presage, she had avoided discussion of the subject. Could he be wanting to go, and keeping silent on her account, or did he believe he could justly claim exemption? She was loath to put her fears to the test. Better to await developments, she decided, finally. She knew how he felt about the war, anyway; he was sorry it was neces-

sary to war against the Germany he knew and loved, but this was another Germany, a Germany gone mad and become a menace to the world. She knew he was a thoroly loyal American, tho not the flag-flapping kind.

Certainty, however unhappy, is preferable to suspense, so Helen decided to broach the dread subject that night. Soon after her arrival at the office, Carl phoned that his mother was in the city on a brief shopping expedition, and wanted them both to lunch with her.

A comfortable, homey sort of woman, Helen had always liked Carl's mother, tho she had no delusions about "getting along" with her at too close range. She was really pleased to see Mrs. Hoffman, and the meal progressed enjoyably for all, until that lady introduced the war into the conversation.

"What a pity," she said, "all those fine young fellows going over there to get killed. Oh, I know"—as she caught a quick glance of disapproval from her son—"that it is necessary; I know what our President says that we must protect democracy, but, all the same, I think of those poor boys and their mothers who will have to give them up. Ain't it fine (to Helen) that our dear Carlie won't have to go?"

"Oh, he may have to go before it's over," answered Helen quickly, and she caught a surprised expression on Carl's face, herself finding her answer inexplicable, for she had never been able to face such a possibility in her bravest moments.

But the mother was sure that "Carl" wouldn't have to leave his wife, his mother, his music and everything. It would be too much—there were plenty of men who could go without any trouble whatever. But not Carl, she was sure of that.

A change of heart, seemingly a matter of a moment, is more often the result of certain, tho, however, subconscious contributing causes. Afterward, in an effort to trace the source of her sudden and startling conclusion that Carl must go, Helen found that her mother-in-law's question made her realize that she was not glad "our dear Carlie won't have to go." And she couldn't explain the hurt resentment that the good lady should have assumed such an attitude on her part. A feeling almost of pity came over her at the pure selfishness and ignorance unwittingly expressed in the older woman's excuses.

* * *

Chaotic and half-formulated were the impressions that charged thru her brain during the remainder of the luncheon. Luckily, neither Carl nor his mother noticed her abstraction, for had they questioned her, her answers must have been somewhat strange.

All the arguments she had heard; all the reasons for the war; America's aims and the great vision of a world set free, came with the force of an avalanche to a mind now open and vividly awake. She dimly realized the unimportance of the individual; her own impecuniosity in the face of universal calamity. What right had *she*, she now asked herself, to a selfish happiness, when half the world was in agony and civilization itself menaced? All the fine phrases of the country's great men, which before had seemed but well-sounding words, now took on a meaning; spread out before her, a vast indictment.

Women were giving up their sons, their husbands, brothers, betrothed—should *she* forswear her right to freedom by denying her right to sacrifice? Was not humanity as dear to her as to any other woman? The Helen which was but a moment before appalled her. She must have been blind—blind.

They left his mother at her car, and Carl swung along beside Helen. They walked in silence for a time, threading their way among the jostling Olive Street noonday throng.

She slipped her hand in the crook of his arm.

"Dear," she said softly but steadily, "will you wait for the draft, or try for one of the officers' camps?"

For a second the import of her query did not reach him, then, with a quick turn toward her, and an indescribable gladness in his voice, he said: "You mean—"

"Yes, I mean—"

"Oh, Helen, honey, I've been wanting to say something about it. I don't know, I can't understand why, but something about you made me feel that you wanted (Continued on page 237)

The White Avengers

By JOHN L. COBBS, JR.

Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture

IT was late in April. In the valley the snow was well-nigh gone, but the upper slopes of the mountains were still deeply covered. I was busy cleaning out the valley trail, getting things in shape for the fire season, and repairing breaks in the phone line, when I got word from my supervisor to meet him on top of the divide to help put the phone line between the two valleys in shape. Now the trip to the top of the Hump was not one I was keen to take. It is bad enough in the summer, but with eight feet of soft snow it would be a long drag.

Altho the nights were still crisp and frosty, the days were warm and the swollen creeks testified to the rapidity with which the snow was melting. Knowing that the hot sun would soften the crust early in the day and make the going hard, I left the little cabin in the valley long before daybreak and began the fifteen-mile trip to the meeting place.

The first few miles of the familiar route were made by starlight, without the use of snowshoes, but when the first slope was reached the crusted mud of the trail gave way to snow and I buckled on my webs and began the tedious ascent of the long switchbacks. As I plodded up the steep mountain side, the snow grew deeper. The hard crust which the frost of the night had formed made the shoeing good and hurried me to take advantage of it.

The upper slopes were still wrapped in deepest winter. I cut a pole to measure the snow and found it a trifle over ten feet deep on the north slopes. The telephone wire which ordinarily hung some fifteen or twenty feet in the air could now be easily reached and gradually came down until, at the top it lay along the surface of the snow, and in many places was covered up. At several points I stopped to make minor repairs to the line, cutting a fallen tree or replacing an occasional insulator.

Thus far the going had been good; but the sun had risen long ago and on the south slope, along which the trail now followed, I found the crust soft and rotten. A warm spring rain the day before had left the snow a wet and sodden mass; the little streams were full to overflowing, and in the open places the snow had settled away from the scattered trees. Gradually the lacing of my snowshoes became water-logged and the snow balled up under my feet and made progress difficult. The sun was hot and in the scattered timber the glare was blinding. I stopped long enough to char a bit of wood with which I blackened my face to relieve this trouble, and strapped my mackinaw to my light pack. I had some six miles to cover and I was anxious to reach the cabin before the going became more difficult.

Then the timber thinned and gave way to a broad expanse of open mountainside. It was perhaps an eighth of a mile across and extended from a broken cliff a thousand feet above me to a point five hundred feet below, and I knew that still farther down there was a sheer drop of perhaps three hundred feet to the upper canyon of Lost Creek. The whole opening lay tilted almost on end like a steep, old-fashioned roof. Across it a single span of telephone wire sagged low to the snow.

Jack Clark, the deputy supervisor, and I, had strung that phone line the summer before. "There is no use in putting poles across the slides," he had said; "they slip off every

spring and would take the poles out. Stretch your wire in one clear span."

Until now I had forgotten the slides and their danger. The one just ahead of me and another around the next point lay between me and the cabin. As I looked across the dazzling expanse there rushed upon me all I had ever heard about the flashlike quickness with which the slides move, the trivial causes which sometimes start them, and the death and destruction which they carry in their path. I remembered vividly the sight of the huge mallet engine and rotary snowplow which had been swept off the track the winter before by a small slide, and the look of surprise and horror on the face of the dead engineer we dug out from under the tons of snow which covered him. Then I recalled the little voices of the spring I heard on the mountainside that morning—the sound of trickling water beneath the snow—and I looked out at the slide tilted up on end, and down at the precipice below, and made up my mind that I wouldn't take a chance on going out *that* way, and began my climb up the mountain to the head of the slide.

It was a hard, cruel climb, and it took me an hour or more to get to the foot of the cliffs where I could cross in safety. It was noon and the sun beat down warmly on the rotten snow; even under the timber the snow was soft and wet and little balls kicked up by my snowshoes rolled and slid down the steep slope as I plodded along.

A mile of this, and I came to the second slide, almost twice as wide as the one I had crossed, and running, it seemed, straight back to the top of the range. Below there was a precipice six or eight hundred feet high; the cabin was a bare half-mile beyond the slide. I sat down and considered. To climb to the top of the slide would take me all the afternoon. I was tired and hungry. My webs were baggy and heavy. I thought of the heart-breaking climb over ridge and cliff, and then, without



DIGGING OUT THE TRACKS AFTER A DISASTROUS SLIDE

stopping to think of the chance I took, I tightened my snowshoes, readjusted my pack, and started across the slide at my fastest pace.

Keeping close to the phone line, as tho the frail wire would save me if the slide should start, I hurried on. My legs seemed made of lead, each foot weighed a ton, but I ran as fast as I could, and as carefully, for a fall might have been more disastrous than slowness. It seemed to me that I toiled hours

and hours and traveled untold miles before I had crossed the slide, and when I reached the timber and safety I was almost exhausted. Yet it had, I suppose, taken me not more than ten minutes to cover the treacherous stretch.

I dropped my pack and sat down to get my wind, looking back to the head of the slide. I sat there perhaps fifteen minutes, perhaps more. As I looked, it seemed that at the foot



THE TRACK OF THE CELEBRATED CHATTANOOGA SNOWSLIDE
Durango National Forest, Colorado

of a cliff I saw something fall. It may have been a boulder loosened by the frost; it may have been a mass of snow melted loose by the sun; it may have been that the glare of the snow blinded me slightly.

There was a quiver of the earth, a gigantic roar and rumble, a deep booming as of heavy siege guns, a blurred movement of the slide. Dense clouds of white dust seemed to rise into the air, and the next moment there was bare ground before me, and in the canyon below there was a pile of snow and ice which would last all summer.

Do you wonder that I was a bit shaken when I reached the cabin?

Had that slide been near civilization or along a railroad it might have caused a disaster that would have been "big news" in the next day's morning papers thruout the country. But because the nearest town and railroad were thirty miles away, the damage was confined to a few thousand feet of splintered timber and my shattered nerves. It was my first experience with a slide; I hope it will be my last, but in those same mountains a little farther to the east I had seen the havoc and destruction which the avalanches cause and had come to know something of their dangers and of the damage which they do each year to the transcontinental railroad lines.

The mountains thru which these roads must pick their way are rugged and rough and steep. The slopes rise abruptly from the streams. There are great stretches of bare rock, and

jagged, broken cliffs obtrude themselves in the path of the railroads and have been tunneled or blasted away to secure a footing for the steel rails over which the commerce of the two opposite ends of the nation must travel. In places the rock forbids any timber growth, but elsewhere the steep slopes at one time supported a good stand of timber. I say supported because in many places very little of it is left. That, it might be said, is another story, but it may well be called the first chapter of the long story of the fight which the snowslides wage each winter against the railroads. And to read that chapter aright, we must go back to the early days of railroad construction.

* * * *

From the mute but undeniable evidence afforded by the old "burns," foresters know that even before the white men came there had been some forest fires in the mountains. But for the most part the forests stood as they had grown, unmarred by fire or axe. With the coming of the construction crews, the whole order of things was changed. The timber from the right-of-way had to be gotten rid of. Burning was the easiest and cheapest way, and there was no one who cared whether the fire from the debris spread into the nearby forest or not. It did spread, and whole mountainsides flamed and burned until a heavy pall of smoke hung over the region. Then came the spark-spitting locomotives and fired much of the forest which had escaped the earlier danger. Nobody gave it a thought; nobody made an effort to stop the needless waste; and after the scourge had passed great stretches of mountainside lay grim and desolate, charred and blackened.

So the road was built and the builders passed on to new fields, leaving behind them, as a monument to their memory, the fire-scarred hills and the steel rails which connected two oceans. Over the latter there thundered great trains of goods, from east to west, from west to east; but the hills looked down in silence as tho ashamed of their nakedness.

Now man may not disturb the balance which Nature has so carefully adjusted without taking the consequences, and in the winters that followed, the snow piled up on the precipitous slopes, as it had done in all the years that had gone before. But with this difference: Before, there had been strong green timber which bound the snow to the hillsides, as nails bind shingles to a roof, and had prevented it from sliding off the slopes; now the slopes were bare and open, and only occasional blackened and weakened stubs remained. And as the snow piled up and up and gathered weight, the slightest cause was enough to send the whole mass down the precipitous slopes to the valley.

Thus the slides were born; and each year as the snow piled up, the men who kept the railroads open for travel came to know that the slides would bring sudden destruction to property, and oftentimes a swift and horrible death to persons in their path.

Undaunted by the new obstacles to their work, these builders of railroads constructed stout sheds to shelter the tracks across the slideways. They built these sheds cunningly into the side of the mountains, that the snow might pass over them, and they braced them with heavy timbers that they might bear the enormous weight of the snow masses. In many cases their skill was successful in preventing the destruction which the slides had wrought, but in others the sheds were smashed to splinters by the overwhelming force with which the accumulated snow hurled itself down the slopes. And there were other forces at work. Fungi found favorable conditions for their growth in the sheds and ate their way into the beams, weakening and undermining their strength and rendering the sheds unsafe, so that they had to be replaced by new ones of heavier construction. Expensive tunnel-like affairs of concrete were found to be necessary in many places, and as the fire-killed timber rotted and fell, new slides developed and the old ones became larger and more frequent.

You can hear strange tales of the ways in which the avalanches start. When the slides are "ripe," when the piled-up snow has reached the point where it trembles in the balance, it needs

only the slightest cause to start it on its downward path. The least tremor of the earth or air is oftentimes enough to send thousands of tons of snow and ice headlong down the slopes. That is why the heavy engines and snowplows, which cause a distinct shaking of the earth, are not infrequently caught by slides they start. Falling boulders or masses of loosened snow or ice may furnish the cause, while in one case a blast set to loosen a slide which had covered the track brought down another avalanche on the luckless wrecking crew. But causes far more trivial than these are supposed to be responsible for the slides. A loud shout, the old-timers say, will often start an avalanche. In many places in the mountains where sounds echo and re-echo, it is even averred that a whisper may bring down some hair-poised snowslide which trembles on the precipitous slopes. And in the spring when the steeply tilted slides have been loosened from the frozen ground beneath by the thawing and melting, the whole mass may suddenly slip off without apparent cause.

And so the fight goes on. Each winter the battle with the snow must be fought; each winter the slides take their toll in life and property. During the seasons of light snow, when few slides occur, the railroad men congratulate themselves that they have overcome the danger, but with the coming of the recurrent heavy snows the slides take up again their destructive work and wreak anew their vengeance for the forests which man has sacrificed.

There had, of course, always been slides in steep and rocky portions of the mountains where there was no timber to prevent the snow from slipping; far away from the railroads there are innumerable slideways like the two I had crossed, which have existed for many years. Some of these slideways are in the steep, narrow canyons of small streams where the timber is scant and the only cover that of low-lying brush over which the snow slips without difficulty. Others are on bare rock

builders that timber would hold the snow in place and it needs no scientific treatise to prove it.

For hundreds of years the people of the European mountains, living in constant dread of the swift, merciless descent of avalanches, have realized that forests prevent snowslides, and as early as 1342 "ban" or protection forests were established



FIGHTING THE SLIDES

Tunnel-like sheds are built to safeguard the tracks where the protecting forest has been burned away

in Switzerland to guard the villages. At first no cutting at all was allowed in these forests, but under modern methods they are made to yield a regular supply of timber in addition to protecting the inhabitants of the valleys. Out of ten thousand snowslides it has been found that only six per cent originated on timber or brush land; the remainder started on areas where there was no forest cover. Had the danger of the slides only been foreseen, how easy it would have been to have preserved the forests, and how many millions of dollars the railroads would have been saved.

Some of this came back to me as I waited at the little cabin on top of the range. The supervisor did not show up. I made some repairs to the phone line and tried in vain to ring the Spotted Bear Ranger Station, but there was evidently trouble elsewhere. I did not like to leave without making allowances for a day's delay, so I waited. Honestly, I wanted some one to make the return trip with, and I wanted somebody to talk to.

The cabin is located in the gap of the mountains on a ledge some fifteen feet wide. Behind it an overhanging cliff towers up into the sky; in front the ledge breaks off abruptly and there is a sheer drop five hundred feet or more. On three sides the view is unobstructed and I looked out along the Craggy range, or across the valley to the mighty Missions, or far off to the east where the massive peaks of the main divide loomed up dimly against the horizon. Except for the wind-swept cliffs, the snow still covered the mountains with a white, unbroken mantle, which as yet showed no visible effects of the warm sun.

In all the great expanse of country which stretched out beneath me, there was not a sign of human habitation; no smoke rose anywhere to indicate a settler's cabin or a trapper's camp fire; not a sound broke the perfect stillness.

As the shadows lengthened, a shade of blue crept into the white of the snow and softened the bright glare. A cold breeze swept through the pass; the sun was (Continued on page 232)



A LITTLE SLIDE ON AN OLD BURN

slopes. Rarely is a slide found in the timbered portions of the mountains and then only as a result of some extraordinary condition which occurs but once in a number of years.

The railroad men soon found that where the sheltering forests along their tracks had escaped the fire there was no need of snowsheds. Any mountaineer could have told the

The Study of Naval Preparedness

Theory and Practice at the Naval Training Station on Narragansett Bay

Extracts from an Address Delivered by Rear Admiral Austin M. Knight before the
Newport Y. M. C. A., January 22, 1915

NARRAGANSETT BAY is one of the finest sheets of water on the Atlantic Coast for naval purposes, and was so recognized from the beginning of naval history. This bay was the rendezvous for ships as a base of operations in early colonial times, where the fleets found shelter and easily defended anchorage.

The very first suggestion of a continental navy came from the Assembly of Rhode Island, and the first armed vessels of the Revolution commissioned by any public authority were two small sloops fitted out by this colony in June, 1775. The first commander-in-chief of the American Navy was Commodore Esek Hopkins of Rhode Island, the first and last naval officer to bear the title "Commander-in-Chief of the Navy," a title never again used until it was revived in the Constitution of the United States as one of the titles of the President.

The Naval Training Station at Newport was originally a drill ground for a small number of apprentice seamen on the *Minnesota*, but it has now developed into a great depot for reception, the training, and the distribution of enlisted men for the navy. Thousands of men pass thru the Station every year, coming in as green recruits, largely from the farms and small towns of the interior, and going out into the service-at-large, not as accomplished men-of-war's men, but with a practical knowledge that is valuable. The average young man from the Training Station has been said to be distinctly more acceptable to a community than the average college boy. The Naval Training Station is a channel thru which flows a constant stream of American youths, careless and undisciplined on entrance, but emerging after four or five months of intensive education with a sense of responsibility, a habit of obedience, and a respect for authority hitherto foreign to the character of the average young American.

The Torpedo Station is an example of thoro and efficient development. For over forty years this weapon of naval warfare has been recognized as a menace, but it has now taken on a precise character, due to the application of new ideas and improvements in details of manufacture. The Torpedo Station has been expanding its resources and enlarging its output, and is today turning out a greater number of torpedoes of better quality and at lower cost than ever before in its history, and is well in advance of all other torpedo manufacturers in the world.

* * * * *

The coast of the United States is divided into districts, under the supervision of the senior naval officer on duty within the limits of the district. The first district extends from Eastport,

Maine, to Chatham, at the southeast corner of Cape Cod. The second, from Chatham to New London, and so on around the coast to Puget Sound, where the thirteenth district ends. Each district is in charge of a local agency and all craft of whatever kind, capable of rendering any service, either for actually repelling an attack or for patrolling the coasts, and all radio stations and signal stations of all kinds, as well as lightships and other aids to navigation, come under the direction of the supervisor. Pilots, and fishermen capable of acting as pilots, have been enrolled and utilized in coast defense.

* * * * *

Really great soldiers are born, not made, but so are great mathematicians and great lawyers and great business men. No one has ever succeeded very conspicuously in any walk of life unless he was fitted for it by nature. This simply means that he was fitted by nature to recognize more quickly than others the principles underlying the art with which he dealt and to apply them promptly and boldly to the work in hand. No amount of study alone could have made Napoleon what he was. Yet nothing is better known of him than that he studied constantly thruout his life. His natural gifts were reinforced and directed by an amazing familiarity with the methods of the great soldiers who had preceded him. He knew what they had done and what they had tried to do, and he had at his fingers' ends the causes of their successes and their failures.

In short, he knew the principles underlying the art of war more completely, perhaps, than any other man who has ever lived. The instinct with which he recognized and applied these principles was his own, but the principles themselves are available for anybody who seeks them—providing he seeks them diligently and intelligently enough. No one by studying at a war college or elsewhere can acquire the supreme inspiration of a Napoleon or a Nelson, but all that Napoleon and Nelson knew, we may know. The principles of warfare do not change, altho their application is as variable as are the conditions themselves.

The War College seeks to develop the principles of naval warfare by study and experience, and it prepares a commander for the emergencies of organizing and equipping a great over-sea expedition, consisting not only of battleships and other fighting craft, but of colliers and supply ships sufficient to care for all his needs in a long voyage, and of transports loaded with troops with their impedimenta for seizing and holding a base at the end of his trip.

It requires five hundred thousand tons of coal to move a fleet from the Pacific Coast to the Philippines, and this coal must



Originally a drill ground for a small number of apprentice seamen on the "*Minnesota*," the Naval Training Station at Newport has now developed into a great depot for the reception, the training and the distribution of enlisted men for the navy

be ready when needed. It is often put aboard ships at sea in stormy weather, but the fuel must be waiting at places previously agreed upon. These problems are studied under the head of Logistics. Then Strategy, which includes every feature of preparation for war and every plan for conducting war which has for its object bringing the maximum of pressure upon the enemy at the time and place best suited to defeat his plans and to forward our own, is studied.

This sounds simple in itself, but it requires great concentration, for each side will seek to conceal its plans and to penetrate those of its opponent. Strategy presupposes a clear conception of the end to be attained, a policy which determines the method thru which the end shall be sought, and a preparation in advance of the forces and the plans required for the carrying forward of these methods; with the result that when

all the points that are likely to be illustrated, he brings it to an end. Later the game is fully discussed, the umpire leading, but all officers taking part with perfect freedom. With the full field of operations before them and the complete record of movements by their own and other forces, each officer is in a position to understand and criticize the whole campaign. Errors are pointed out, successes noted, and in the end each officer writes a summary of what he has learned from the problem.

What Strategy is to the movement of forces in leading up to actual contact with the enemy, Tactics is to their movement after contact is made. In other words, Strategy directs the campaign; Tactics directs the battle. It will be seen at once that Tactics is really a part of Strategy; the terms are, in fact, often interchanged. Napoleon, for example, called Strategy "Grand Tactics." And we often hear of the "strategy" of a



The Naval Training Station is a channel thru which flows a constant stream of American youths, careless and undisciplined on entrance, but emerging after four or five months of intensive education with a sense of responsibility, a habit of obedience, and a respect for authority hitherto foreign to the character of the average young American

the moment for action arrives, the forces are set in motion in accordance with the plans, and all move forward harmoniously toward concentration at the time and place selected.

Strategy is a subject of concentrated study at the War College. The writings of men who are authority on the subject are studied. They are selected with the view of determining the secret of their successes and their failures. Problems are framed covering situations such as are likely to arise in the wars which are regarded as possibilities of the future, and these problems are worked out in the shape of games on large scale charts which reproduce the actual features of the area where the campaign is supposed to take place. In these games the officers of the two sides are separated from each other; and subdivision of forces, even of the same side, which in the actual campaign would not see each other, are kept in individual rooms, and can communicate only by such messages as they would really be able to send in actual warfare by radio or otherwise.

Every officer takes the task assigned him, studies it in the light of all the information which he would have in actual war, and submits a statement of what he could do in the supposed situation, and why. Each commander writes out orders and sends them to his subordinates, and each officer moves his own forces on his own chart and plots on the same chart all the information that is given him by radio or other method as to the movements of other forces. Thus each officer's visual and mental horizon is exactly that which would limit his outlook in an actual campaign.

An umpire in a central room plots all the moves of all the forces on his large chart so that he has the whole field under his eye. When he finds that a certain force is coming within the range of visibility of another one, he sends word to the commander, "You see smoke of three large ships bearing north," or "You sight a small cruiser bearing east by south," etc.

The appearance of reality is maintained thruout the game, and the illusion is astonishingly perfect. If the main fleets come within touch, the game passes from the area of Strategy to that of Tactics. When the umpire thinks the game has developed

battle. The fact is that Tactics is in reality only a phase of Strategy—the strategy of the battle, as distinguished from the more inclusive strategy of the campaign. There is, however, a convenience in distinguishing between the two, and this brings in the recognition of Tactics as a third subject of study at the War College.

Under the head of Tactics are studied the handling of fleets in the actual presence of an enemy. Here, as with Strategy, there is much to be learned from history, and a thoro study is made of the campaigns of the past. It is often surprising to find how many lessons of present value it is possible to draw from the history of the battles fought long before the days of steam or armored ships or rifled guns.

A more picturesque part of the study of the subject is the playing of tactical games on a large board which represents the ocean, with small ships which are organized in fleets and squadrons and moved in accordance with rules which duplicate on a small scale the way in which actual ships would move. Here, as in the case of the strategic game already described, the conditions are kept as closely as possible to those of reality. To see a large number of mature officers, many of whom have actually commanded dreadnaughts, maneuvering toy ships around a game board would probably afford amusement to one who did not understand the practical significance of what they were doing, but the situation would take on an air of dignity with a realization of the importance of the principles which they were seeking and the atmosphere of realism with which, in their minds, the situation was surrounded. The game board, in fact, is the field for developing principles—the ocean the field for applying them.

This is the group of subjects which make up the direct preparation for war in the College Course. There are other branches with which they deal where relation to war is not less important. Of these is Policy, Organization, and Administration. Without the guidance of Policy, war would be more or less blind, and without Organization and Administration it would be distinctly lame. The War College course in international law is a very important part of the course, and a very successful one.

Who's What *in the* Red Cross

A Business Organization for Mercy



YEAR or two after the beginning of the war, an American lady who resides in England paid a visit to her old home. Coming from the seething activity of war preparation, she could not understand the lethargy of America, even tho at that time the country did not anticipate being drawn into the conflict. "Where's your humanity—where's your Red Cross?" she demanded.



HEADQUARTERS OF AMERICAN RED CROSS

She was right. At that time the American Red Cross numbered barely two hundred thousand members. The American people had not awakened to their duty as citizens of the world. When, with war actually upon us, President Wilson, as president of the Red Cross, appointed a war council and sought out the biggest business men in the country to direct the war activities of the Red Cross, it rose to the emergency with true American enthusiasm. The first drive increased the membership to over five million and raised a war fund of one hundred million dollars for relief of suffering. A second, the Christmas drive for membership, the total to twenty-two million—a wonderful response—and the best part of it is that every one of these people is doing *something* to help. In addition to this, the Junior Red Cross, now being organized among school children, promises another twenty million, for nothing appeals to a child more than patriotic service.

Who are the men who have voluntarily put their shoulder to the Red Cross wheel in perfecting its colossal organization? They are so-called captains of industry of the sordid business world, now metamorphosed into tireless workers for a common cause—each determined to give his best.

When Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Company, went down to Washington to assume the chairmanship of the Red Cross War Council, his square jaws set more firmly than ever. This comparatively young man, who has risen to probably the most powerful financial position in the country, saw his duty and enlisted as truly as did the young man who went into the recruiting office. The thought that he could not be spared from the tremendous financial problems he was carrying, as the chief partner in the House of Morgan, who had acted as Allied bankers during the first three years of the war, was not allowed to interfere. The President called him to Washington to build the Red Cross on a war basis—a gigantic undertaking and one needing all the acumen of his great organizing ability, and he gladly responded, giving his services for so long as need be.

Charles D. Norton, first vice president of the First National

Bank of New York, was another appointee of the President, to aid in directing the work of the Red Cross in the extraordinary emergency created by the entrance into the war. Mr. Norton was formerly secretary to President Taft and familiar with affairs at the seat of the government.

Mr. Norton recently has been succeeded on the War Council by George B. Case, member of the New York law firm of White & Case, who is also Director of the Department of Law and International Relations. Joseph M. Hartfield, a member of the same law firm, likewise is legal advisor of the Council.

Another New York banker was asked by President Wilson to put his shoulder to the wheel, in the person of Major Grayson M-P. Murphy, senior vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company. Major Murphy is a West Pointer, and a thoroly trained army man. At the beginning of the war he went to France as the head of the Red Cross work there. At a time that required great organizing genius, he was the man of the hour. More than thirty million dollars has been spent or appropriated already in France and Major Murphy has been the man on the job. This square-jawed Irishman is the kind of man who does things. Recently he resigned to resume active service in the army. The old fighting fever was in his blood and he was not content to remain outside actual military service. Upon Major Murphy's retirement, the Red Cross work in France was turned over to James H. Perkins, vice-president of the National City Bank, New York, who was associated with Major Murphy in the conduct of the Red Cross in France.

Mr. Perkins will carry on the work with the same efficiency and effectiveness as characterizes everything he undertakes.

The vacancy on the War Council, caused by the retirement of Major Murphy, was filled by the appointment of Harvey D. Gibson, who will continue as general manager of the Red Cross, the office he has filled since the establishment of the organization on a war basis. Mr. Gibson is president of the Liberty National Bank, of New York, in peace times, and is now devoting all his tremendous energy to the Red Cross work. He is a hustler and knows no such thing as "hours."

In the original War Council appointed by President Wilson was still another New York banker, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., of Bliss, Fabyan & Company. Mr. Bliss is of the type of younger generation financiers who has accepted the new idea



HENRY P. DAVISON

of public service before private gain, and is giving himself wholeheartedly to the work.

The fifth appointment to the War Council was Edward N. Hurley of Chicago, who subsequently resigned to take the chairmanship of the shipping board, his place being filled by John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company of Butte, Montana. Mr. Ryan is a tall, military appearing chap, with an eye like an eagle, one of those just naturally can't-help-it big business men of the West. Also serving on this War Council of the Red Cross, *ex-officio*, is William Howard Taft, former President of the United States, chairman of the Central Committee. His qualifications for this position are well known, and need not be further emphasized here.

Eliot Wadsworth, vice-chairman of the Central Committee, is also *ex-officio* member of the War Council. Mr. Wadsworth is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Council. He was head over heels in Red Cross work before war was declared. A Harvard man, he became a member of the great Boston engineering firm of Stone & Webster. The Red Cross has been called an international engineering problem, and this may be why the work appeals to Wadsworth's special genius and training.

Ivy Lee, assistant to the chairman of the War Council, is another strong addition to the advisory board. Mr. Lee is widely known as a publicist. On questions of public policy on the part of the great institutions of America, his advice is more sought than that of any other man. He is the titular head of publicity of the Red Cross, but his services are all-embracing.

Two other active workers are Joseph R. Hamlen, of J. H. Hamlen & Son, New York, who is assisting Mr. Wadsworth as assistant vice-chairman, and Stephen C. Millett, who formerly was in charge of the cable department and now is director of the Bureau of Personnel.

George Eaton Scott, of Chicago, vice-president of the American Steel Foundries, is assistant general manager. George Murnane of the H. K. McCann Company, New York, is assistant to the general manager.

Charles G. DuBois, comptroller of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, is acting as comptroller of the Red Cross. Military relief is in charge of Jesse H. Jones, business man and banker, of Houston, Texas. George W. Hill, of the American Tobacco Company, is director of foreign relief.

Keith Spalding, of A. G. Spalding & Brother, athletic goods manufacturers, is in the group on Division Organization hailing from the "Windy City"—Chicago.

The Bureau of Development of the Red Cross, under which came the drive for membership, is one of the liveliest sections of Red Cross activities today. The Christmas week drive netted sixteen million new members, and there are altogether more than twenty-two million members of the Red Cross in America, nearly one of every four inhabitants. No other country in the world can show anywhere near this volume of membership. The business head of this department is Samuel M. Greer, of Baltimore, of the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company, and assisting Mr. Greer is Edward C. Crossett, of Davenport, Iowa.

Dr. H. N. MacCracken, president of Vassar College, and member of the famous "three-brother-college-presidents-family," as director of Junior Red Cross Membership and School Activities, is just now wearing the laurel wreath of success. Dr. MacCracken brought all the state superintendents and leading educational workers to a conference in Washington where they planned for Red Cross work among juveniles that has made this an important and ever-growing branch of the organization.

Henry G. Atwater, of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, of New York, is in charge of the Bureau of Standards. The Purchasing Department is headed by Frank B.

Gifford, who for fifteen years has been purchasing agent of Armour & Company, Chicago.

The financial expert of the War Council is John W. Prentiss, partner in the firm of Hornblower & Weeks, Boston. As financial assistant to the War Council, his duties consist in super-



THE ORIGINAL WAR COUNCIL OF THE RED CROSS

(Left to right, front row) Robert W. De Forest, vice-president; Woodrow Wilson, president of the Red Cross; former president William Howard Taft, chairman of the executive committee; Eliot Wadsworth, actual executive head of the organization. (Back row) Henry P. Davison, chairman of the war council; Grayson M-P. Murphy, Charles D. Norton and Edward N. Hurley

vising the general plans for Red Cross drives for war funds. With a second war drive coming on soon, Mr. Prentiss will probably find himself exceedingly busy.

The collection of the war fund is in charge of Frederick J. Fuller, of the Central Trust Company of New York, which acts as the depository of the Red Cross money as it comes in from the various parts of the country. As required, the money is turned over to the assistant treasurer of the Red Cross, to be disbursed under the authorization of the War Council.

The technical side of Red Cross administration, perhaps, is the more interesting so far as the general public is concerned, because it embraces the activities of the hospitals and carries one directly into the camps and the fields where the work of mercy is being performed. The visualization of Red Cross work on the part of the public is nursing. Miss Jane A. Delano, formerly superintendent of Bellevue Hospital Training School, is director of the Bureau of Nursing, and has charge of the activities of Red Cross nurses at home and abroad. Red Cross camp service, another branch of the Red Cross war work, is in charge of Henry S. Thompson, of Boston, with Perry H. Clark, of Philadelphia, as assistant. William R. Castle, Jr., former assistant dean of Harvard College, is director of the Bureau of Communication, which is the connecting link between the soldier at the front and relatives at home. This bureau will try to furnish such information regarding the wounded and missing as is not supplied by the military authorities.

The Division on American Prisoners' Relief is headed by Franklin Abbott, a Pittsburg architect. At the time this was written there were less than three hundred American prisoners in Germany, but Mr. Abbott's division is ready to follow out the Red Cross principles of being prepared for eventualities.

The Division on Allied Prisoners' Relief, also headed by an architect, Julian Peabody, of New York, has its work cut out for months in advance.

This rather hurried list makes up the personnel of the Red Cross officials who have practically given up their own business to come to Washington and serve at the National headquarters without salary. In addition to these are the Division Managers, in their respective centers, fourteen of them, every one of whom is a big business man or banker, giving his time and energy unreservedly to the work.

(Continued on page 235)

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Contributed by Our Readers

THE literature of the war is being written by hitherto unknown writers; by those who are going thru the baptism of fire and gas and all the other diabolical contrivances which the Hun has conceived. They do not strive for poetical or rhetorical effect, but in words of the very simplest paint a picture, which, for vivid and graphic quality, cannot be surpassed. Such a piece of writing is the following letter from Donald R. Baker, of Mount Vernon, New York:

Paris, France, February 3, 1918.

Dear Mother:

We had our first big air-raid last Wednesday. It was curiously unreal. A young Hollander was playing chess with me at my room, when the sirens began, deep-throated, menacing they are; when the fire engines with their double-toned cuckoo horns toot-tooted around; when lights went out and taxis stopped. I put my head out of the window, inclined to believe it another false alarm. It was a glorious clear moonlit night. Stars were dancing above, and the light mist of the city was gently covering the vistas along our now unlighted streets. Except for comments from the knot of soldiers on the corner, and the warning horns, there was absolute quiet. "There's a plane," said my friend; and I looked up to catch first the distant throbbing burr of its motor, then the yellow point of its light sliding across the network of stars. It was French, no doubt.

"Look!" said Van again, and with the throb of guns just coming into play we saw minute flashes—one, two, three, four—gone the same instant, but succeeded by growing, brilliant, green white "stars" which floated slowly down from a point below the explosion.

By this time guns were rumbling all around us, strongest to the northeast, infrequently from other directions. The number of lights crossing and recrossing between us and the stars had increased. Star-shells succeeded each other one after another. But we could not see anything that looked like a raid or raiders.

Suddenly, while we were watching, a light, faint and ethereal, began to grow in the sky to the east, down the end of our street. It grew, red to orange, spread out and up, finally to a great column of color. There was a fire, a big fire, somewhere. Evidently there was a raid, after all.

We couldn't see the sky very well from our windows, so we went up to the next floor to try a balcony. That was disappointing—tho better. Everything seemed to slip back over the eaves as soon as it became interesting. Noticing the dormers above, we tried again on the top floor, bouncing into three rooms where the maids were standing at windows scantily

clad, bouncing out just as quickly, but finally finding one unoccupied with a window opening on the gutter.

That was fine, but still things seemed always to slide out of sight over our heads, so we climbed out. Up the roof, with two fingers clutching the tin, threatening to tear the metal off any moment, frost and rusty metal under foot; if there had not been the excitement we could never have gotten up. To be perfectly frank, I nearly went my road coming down; I had stopped an instant to suddenly realize what a precarious and foolhardy thing I was trying, and in an instant felt the hair on my neck stiffen in horror!

Luckily I was almost there, and had my foot kicked over the window sill before the panic struck me.

But going up was easy, and once up, sliding along the ridge pole, we found a cemented-up chimney with an iron railing, a giant staple nicely placed to lean on. We were way above everything.

I don't think I will ever forget the charm of that moment. There was really not much to see, as far as the raid was concerned: bursting shrapnel shells, aero-lights, star-shells that floated down in a lonely silence, far off the red column of smoke to the east; that was all. But Paris, the roofs, the chimney pots, the brilliance of the moonlight at our feet dissolving itself into opalescent mist in the distance, the quiet, the ethereal lightness of it all—that was a charm that caught one's throat and held one's spirit up. It almost seemed as tho one might, letting go of our iron bar, float off gently with the mist, touching a roof here and there, peering into gray, narrow courts, following even the swiftly passing planes that circled above our heads.

In the middle of this dream came a flash, a rumble, a crash from way off, over the river. Quickly following, before we had wakened from our dream, came another behind us, louder, more disastrous in its echoes. Then several in quick succession. They were bombs certainly. We peered, stared, searched the skyline and the stars, but could see nothing. The evanescent quality of the night seemed to have swallowed it all. We had dreamed again. Then, crash! again from another spot nearer: then silence, with the aerolights cutting back and forth, with star shells, like roman candles now, shooting across the indigo gray of the night. We watched, we waited, we scanned all sides in quick succession for fear of something taking place while our backs were turned. But there was nothing. Only two, three wisps of luminous vapor, shrapnel smoke, that floated slowly across the face of the moon on into the quiet beyond.

Sometime after I helped my friend down, waited, hoping yet to see if anything happened, grew suddenly cold and tired, and climbed down myself. Twenty (Continued on page 230)

Peace and War

By JAMES W. GIBBONS

ONE twilight in the harvest time I strolled
Far down a country lane in sunny France,
And watched the sun set in a blaze of gold
And stood enraptured as one in a trance
At all the plenty scattered o'er the land:
The ripened fruits, the stacks of garnered grain,
The winter's hoard piled high on every hand,
The tribute gathered from the hill and plain;
The odor of the burning leaves close by,
The smoke, like incense, acting as a leaven
To waft a prayer of thanks to Him on high—
For this was peace—a peace akin to heaven.

'Twas spring—I wandered down the self-same lane.
Oh, God! I marvelled at the change time wrought.
The fields were strewn with bodies of the slain,
The years of peace and labor gone for naught.
Men wallowed like the beasts in mud and mire;
Like slimy snakes in sheltered holes did hide,
And spread with fiendish glee destruction dire—
The laws of God and man were cast aside.
The air was foul and loathsome; filled with awe,
I likened unto tears the rain that fell
And murmured, "Sadly, truly this is war;
It's more than war, it's war akin to hell!"

Affairs and Folks



WITH the "Mayflowers" will come the first official aerial mail service between Washington and New York. The contracts were signed to begin operation on April 15th, and experiments were made that demonstrated the practicability of mail service. Later the project was postponed until May 15, on account of inadequate landing field facilities.

The time between New York and Washington will be reduced to two hours in the judgment of experts, for airplanes in England have attained a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and the distance from New York and Washington is only two hundred and twenty-five miles, so a two-hour flight is within the conception as a schedule. When once begun it will never be abandoned, for it will eliminate a large number of employes and will take the place of the telephone service, making fewer long-distance calls, and revive interest in the letter-writing art. It is considered the most important experiment or investment adopted by the government since the postoffice itself was established.

* * *

SYRACUSE, New York, has a "war chest" plan that is attracting widespread attention as to the proper way to raise various sums for war fund, charities, etc. Last July Syracuse refused to solicit subscriptions and the sacrifice of time to arouse patriotic spirit in citizens to go "over the top" with their quota was eliminated. The War Chest Association, decided to inaugurate a one-week campaign, and raise during that period a fund of six thousand dollars each year so long as the war shall last—this fund to be paid in monthly subscriptions to the Treasurer of the War Chest.

Thirty-three individual subscribers out of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, pledged a sum of nearly twelve thousand dollars, or twice as much as originally planned. In this drive the money was all subscribed and collected thru one of the banks on the basis of one-half of one per cent. On January first the report indicated that nearly two hundred thousand dollars of the amount collected was on hand out of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, leaving a small balance to meet the next requirement. The Y. M. C. A. drive called for one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Forty thousand additional members, at one dollar each, were procured for the Red Cross, altho the city had already fifteen thousand members and a check for twenty-five thousand dollars made up the quota.

Ten thousand dollars was sent to Halifax and various amounts to Knights of Columbus, Jewish Relief, orphan children of France, blind soldiers, and for use of the Liberty Loan Committee. Altogether, Syracuse has reason to be proud of its War Chest plan.

* * *

THERE were lively times at the capital when Will H. Hays, new chairman of the Republican National Committee, appeared. There were conferences in the windows and doors and everywhere, for Will Hays is nothing short of a genius for political organization. He has the faculty of assimilating factions and co-ordinating the functions of his party. A slender man with dreamy eyes, he might be taken for a poet rather than a politician. He has a way of looking and seeing how things ought to be done, and you do not wonder that in Indiana, lying adjacent to Ohio, he made a demonstration of what can be done by properly organizing a political party.

Whether it was with Senator Lenroot or Boise Penrose or

Hiram Johnson, they were all Republicans, and in the few days he spent in Washington he seemed to know how to take up the delicate threads of re-uniting his party. There was the proposition of having the national committee utilized in campaigns for members of Congress taken up. This plan may be adopted.

He may have headquarters in Washington or some other large city, if it is felt that the work in Washington would look like a criticism of the administration.

He was given a dinner by the newspaper boys, and in his quiet way impressed every one with his earnest manners and capabilities as a manager. He is an uncompromising and enthusiastic supporter of the war and has insisted that from a political



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HON. WILL H. HAYS

Newly elected chairman of the Republican National Committee

point of view anything which might be construed as retarding the conduct of the war must be frowned upon. The one thing in his mind was to crystallize the latent spirit of Republicanism, for he feels sure it means victory without resorting to any subterfuge.

The selection of Will Hays as chairman marks a new note in political history.

MANY new aspects of export trade have arisen since the declaration of war. One organization that has kept in mind the conditions following the war in discussing how foreign trade will effect international relations, is the National Foreign Trade Council. The convention at Pittsburg last year was a notable gathering of American manufacturers, but the convention at Cincinnati this year promises to surpass in interest that of any other previously held.

The foreign trade of the nation is of vital importance in sustaining the huge bulk of national credit. The chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, Mr. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, was one of the founders of this organization, and is regarded as one of the foremost experts in foreign trade matters, of which he has made a life-study.

In opening the convention a review of achievements up to date will be made by President Farrell, and every phase of foreign trade—shipping, railroads, finance and materials used in war preparations—will be considered.

"After-War Conditions of Foreign Trade" will be the topic for the first afternoon. Group sessions on this day will cover nearly every phase of export exploitation. The all-absorbing topic of "Merchant Marine" will be discussed with more virile interest than ever before, as the shortage of shipping is one of the dominant problems of the times. Prepared papers will be discussed, being printed in advance, so that the discussion will be more thoro than if based merely on hearing the paper read.

The State Department will assign to the Convention several consuls general and consuls from Europe, Latin America, and the far East, who are expected in the United States on leave at the time. Collections of manufactured products gathered by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce from all parts of the world will be displayed. Altogether, the convention will seem more like a world union than ever before. Volunteer trade advisors, who will be present for the interchange of views, will give this convention somewhat the aspect of a world-trade-fest.

* * *

IN some cases, misinterpretations grow into public misapprehensions, that a letter or statement if written in time may correct. Everything written from the White House is read with avidity—and now comes a statement that throws a new light upon Mr. William Jennings Bryan's career as Secretary of State during the troublesome days, when the war feeling in this country was fomenting, despite the sunny skies of pacifism. It recalls the first break made in diplomatic relations when Ambassador Dumba of Austria-Hungary was handed his passports. His action was the first to arouse the general suspicion of this country, that our confidence and good will as a neutral were being woefully misused. This letter may prove an interesting reference to the historian recording events of the last three stirring years:

White House,
December, 1917.

My dear Mr. Bryan:

My attention has been called to a book in which the author states by very clear implication that I demanded your resignation as Secretary of State because of language used by you in an interview with Ambassador Dumba soon after the first Lusitania note.

You may quote me as saying that I did not ask for your resignation nor desire it, as anyone can learn from my note accepting your resignation. And this statement ought also to be sufficient answer to the criticism of you based upon the Dumba interview, for I could not make it if I thought you responsible for the misinterpretation placed upon that interview in Berlin.

But knowing at the time all the facts, I did not give the matter serious thought, and I may add, in justice to you, that as you promptly corrected the misinterpretation when, within a few days, it was brought to your attention, it could not have affected the diplomatic situation.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

* * *

VISIONS of St. Moritz, Switzerland, during a winter carnival were called to mind on a delightful winter's day at Poland Spring, Maine. It was at St. Moritz I saw the celebrities of

Europe enjoying the winter sports with the kittenish antics of childhood days, among them Richard Strauss, the composer, skiing with a glide that was not altogether rhythmical. Even the distinguished Briand of France with his old-fashioned bobsleigh and the graceful figures of the skaters included ladies of renown.

At Poland, within the snug confines of the old 'Mansion House, the successor of the Wentworth Ricker Tavern, established in 1794, it seemed as if the winter was the best time to look upon the majesty and beauty of the White Mountains and Presidential Range in the distance.

Here, on the glass-enclosed veranda, ferns and foliage of the summer looked defiantly thru the plate glass windows at Boreas without. The skaters of Silver Pond and people on skis and snowshoes wandering among the towering pines



MISS MILDRED MEREDITH

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Meredith of Des Moines, Iowa. Miss Meredith is a post-graduate of Ely Court, Greenwich, Connecticut, and has been spending the winter in Washington, where her father is a "dollar-a-year man," as member of the Excess Profits Advisory Board.

formed an exhilarating picture. The picturesque tower of Spring House recalled memories of the Campanile itself. The deep tunneled paths of snow here and there evidenced winter's rigors, but within the Ricker Inn where the guests gathered around the great hearthstone to hear the story of a wayfaring magazine man, the charm within made the rigor without seem more glorious. In the old Mansion House the very shelf is preserved where the travelers on the old Post Road used to extend their greetings after the long drive. The bath-house nearby, containing every bath known in modern treatments, has made it a resort winter and summer, complete in every essential, to say nothing of drinking copiously of the Poland

Spring of Eternal Youth. Best of all, "mine host" Ricker, the spirit of Poland Spring, has the wholesome quality of the wonderful waters which have a world-wide reputation unparalleled and unexcelled.

* * * *

NOW comes the information that a Statler Hotel has been recently opened at St. Louis. The Statler idea has become a dominant force in American hoteldom, and the modest medium-sized man with mustache now turned gray, has been busy all these years since I first met him at the "Inside Inn," located upon the Pan-American Exposition grounds at Buffalo. He was a busy boy those days looking after the guests passing into the hotel of burlap. The burlap is transformed into a palatial structure with marble halls and everything that will make a traveler forget about rates and take solid comfort—as if he owned the place.

Statler had a restaurant down-town where he served ham and eggs for twenty-five cents, and he surely had the ham-and-egg patronage—which is basic. Lobster and terrapin take care of themselves. The "H. and E." folks began to speak well of Statler, and from that popularity was evolved a distinctive hotel patronage. He looked for complaints concerning traditional hotel methods—so everything in his hotels was new and improved.

Statler does not allow his porters to cultivate tips with a whisk broom. He has exploded the idea that anybody could "run a hotel" as a last resort to make a living.

Hotel Statler guests are made to feel that they are getting the service they paid for. When he opened his newest hotel in St. Louis, he gave one of those little dinners that warm the hearts of the newspaper men and make them write glowing paragraphs.

When he set his life helm hard afloat to make service and Statler synonymous as well as alliterative, Statler did not forget that success begins with the same letter. So it is ever a "welcome to mine guest" at Statler's.

* * * *

WHEN you hear somebody complaining about the high cost of living, just say, "Oh, I don't know, things have been worse," and when he bloats up for argument, flash this list, taken from a letter Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States, wrote to "Friend Husband":

This was Abigail's price list in 1776: Meat, \$1 to \$2 per pound; corn, \$25 per bushel; rye, \$30 per bushel; potatoes, \$10 per bushel; molasses, \$12 per gallon; flour, \$5 per hundred-weight; cider, \$40 per barrel; cheese, \$2 per pound; butterine, \$3 per pound; sugar, \$3 per pound. In 1779 sugar rose to \$4 per pound and tea the same. In 1789 butter sold for \$12 per pound and tea for \$40.

* * * *

THE telephone rang late one night. A prominent business man called me up to bring to my attention an address he had read, that he thought the readers of the NATIONAL would like to know about. It was a speech modestly delivered by C. A. Bach, now lieutenant colonel, General Staff, chief of staff, Fourth Division, to a graduating class, with little thought that it would be heard beyond that room. When published in the *Chicago Herald* the editor, Mr. James Keeley, had it reprinted in pamphlet form and entitled it "Leadership." When I read the pamphlet I could understand why it had impressed men of executive affairs; in fact, it would impress any one—it was plain, unadorned commonsense. This led to a correspondence with Colonel Bach, and his modesty is worthy of a typical soldier.

As the colonel emphasized, he is not preaching a new faith. The line of conduct indicated for student officers has been consistently followed by every regular army officer for many years. It is an exposition of the relations that should exist between the officer and the enlisted man. But Colonel Bach said it in a new way, and in a way easily understood by all people, in civic

as well as military life. The principles he has laid down can be equally well applied in industrial and civil life.

When he made the address in December it was Major Bach—now it is lieutenant colonel, who at Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C., is applying the fundamentals of military training, proving that what the nation needs is what the army teaches—mental



C. A. BACH
Lieutenant Colonel, General Staff

and physical discipline, a respect for constituted authority, willing co-ordination of effort.

In this address he first impressed on the young men the necessity of thoro inspection of themselves in mannerisms, carriage, vocabulary and manner of command, which would be more or less imitated and reflected among the men. This all leads up to the one question of confidence. Major Bach said, "Self-confidence results, first, from exact knowledge; second, the ability to impart that knowledge; and third, the feeling of superiority over others that naturally follows. To lead, you must know and be so well informed that others will say, 'Ask Smith—he knows!'" But knowing it is one thing and putting it into concise English is another. Consideration, courtesy, and respect are a part of discipline. A decision must come quick in an emergency, he said. Any reasonable order is better than no order—do something. Men have no confidence in a leader that vacillates—so it comes down to training for a quick decision—the proposition of knowing men to determine wherein lies strength and weakness, and which man can be relied on to the last gasp and which cannot. A commander should not ask any man to go where he would not go himself, so in business, the executive should not ask men to go thru things that they are not willing to do themselves.

When the successes of the most prominent executives of the

country are analyzed, it is found that Colonel Bach's picture of their methods is unerring and accurate. He has left in the archives of the army training camp a real classic on leadership that is broad and impressive in its application to all phases of American activity.

* * *

THE candidacy of J. O. Hayes for governor of California has been hailed with delight by friends all over the nation, for "J. O." is more than a Californian. He has been a business man of national proportions. When he began his career as a



Photo by Bushnell

HON. J. O. HAYES

Who has announced his candidacy for governor of California

young attorney in Madison, Wisconsin, and later moved to California, everyone who came in contact with this pleasant-faced strong executive looked upon him as one man whom they could trust; as level-headed, kindly and clear thinking.

During the last two national conventions he was prominently identified with national affairs, and with his paper, the *San Jose Mercury-Herald*, has become well known thruout the Golden State. His fitness for the position to which he aspires is clearly identified with the purposes which he concisely states as his reasons for candidacy. He points the way for advancement along modern lines and calls attention to the necessity of utilizing the best business experience to co-ordinate business activities and eliminate waste. He points out the fact that men of toil and men of factories must be treated with fairness and justice that the proper balance in our industrial life may be maintained. He advocates a new constitution after the close of the war. Additional state aid, he declares, should be given in solving the problems of food production and distribution,

making the soil produce more uniform crops of grains, vegetables and fruits.

A farmer and fruit grower all his life, he is keenly alive to the necessities of this industry. He advocates a system of invalid and old-age insurance after the war, and no one who knows him would wonder that his ninth declaration is directed toward humanitarian movements, not forgetting the demands made on the man power of the nation and calling attention to the large scope of woman's activities, insisting that where women do the work of men they should receive equal compensation. He pays an eloquent tribute to the work of women in war activities, and insists that he should call women to spheres of even larger usefulness in public service and public measures than ever before.

Mr. Hayes is a brother of Hon. E. A. Hayes, Representative from the Eighth District of California, whose record in Congress has given the people great confidence in the Hayes' way of looking at things. These two brothers have lived together as real brothers in their activities, as well as in name. The state of California will do itself proud in adding J. O. Hayes to the galaxy of famous governors to be chosen for the war period.

* * *

COMPLETE data on alien-born persons in several of the large cities of the United States has already been compiled. The figures show the following percentages of foreign-born population: Boston, New York and Chicago each 35 per cent; Cleveland, 34; Detroit, 33; St. Louis, 18. The percentage of the foreign population born in Germany is: St. Louis, .069; Cleveland, .07; Chicago, .08; Detroit, .08; Cincinnati, .07; Buffalo, .10; Milwaukee, .17.

A similar census is being made of the entire country. This information is in keeping with the new policy in Washington to learn definitely and exactly where the United States, with its homogeneous population, stands on the foreign-born question.

* * *

A PATRIOTIC rating is revealed in the little service cards which some firms are now sending out to indicate the individuals from that institution who are with the colors. This rating counts in these days more than financial statement and liabilities, for of what avail are assets and liabilities without our soldier boys at the front to protect what the figures represent?

* * *

IN the reveries of the billet, after arduous hours in the trenches, the curling smoke of the tobacco contributed by friends carries the incense of home memories. The American people have most generously responded to the call for smokes, for they realize there is nothing that a soldier seems to appreciate more when taken to a hospital than a cigarette.

With characteristic practicality, Viscount Northcliffe founded the "Over-seas Club," which has created a chain of friendship across the seas. As president of the organization, he has included among its patrons many men eminent in British public life.

In the United States J. P. Morgan & Company have been made the repository for contributions. Four or five million soldiers look for this fund to supply them with a solace of smokes which seems to be the only thing to make life endurable to the soldier serving long hours in the mud and mire of the trenches. The folks at home are keeping the smoke fund growing while the home fires are burning.

The organization distributes the gift packages at the front under the supervision of Sir Edward Ward, director-general of voluntary organizations. It is estimated that a single American dollar means a real solid month of smoke happiness for the boys "over there." Many Americans have adopted the plan of saving at least one dollar every month from their own personal tobacco fund and contributing that sum to the Overseas Club for the tobacco fund that keeps at least one of the soldiers happy in his smoking hours.

THERE'S a man in New York whose name is Coward—James S. Coward, who sells shoes—but you would never know it from his advertising. He has forgotten his shoe business for the time being and is devoting his energy, and yes,



Photo by Matsene, Chicago

GEORGE BAKLANOFF
Of the Chicago Opera Association. Mr. Baklanoff's Mephistopheles in "Faust" was memorable

his advertising appropriation as well, to the one purpose, that of helping to win the war. Under a heading "The Will to Win" in bold black letters he declares:

"The war we wage today can end only one way. Our morale here at home will decide the length of the struggle. The strength of our will to win shall determine the fighting spirit of our armies in the field. Our determination must remain unshaken thru the stress of seeming set-backs and weaknesses.

"Our faith must be constant. Tho our resolve be spoken in fire and iron by a hundred guns to every gun emplaced against us, a united, dominated zeal is needed behind every blow.

"Let doubters stand aside and be silent."

It seems odd to find such a stirring paragraph signed by the single name Coward—that is, unless you know James S. Coward.

* * * *

SOMETIMES a most effective answer can be made by an appropriate quotation. Mr. J. R. McKee, arising to respond at a banquet where a flood of oratory had been loosened on the subject of conversation began:

"I am bound to say that the time has come for a halt in general

rhapsodies over conversation, making the word mean every known good in the world, for after the public attention has been aroused, such appeals are of doubtful utility and do not direct the public to the specific course that the people should take, or have their legislator take, in order to promote the cause of conversation. The rousing of emotions on a subject like this, which has only dim outlines in the mind of the people affected, after a while ceases to be useful, and the whole movement will, if promoted on these lines, die for want of practical direction and of demonstration to the people that practical reforms are intended.

"I beg of you, therefore, in your deliberations and in your informal discussions, when men come forward to suggest evils that the promotion of conversation is to remedy, that you invite them to point out the specific remedies; that you invite them to come down to detail in order that their discussion may flow into channels that shall be useful rather than into periods that shall be eloquent and entertaining, without shedding real light on the subject."

The guests and friends looked aghast at the speaker. He met them with a smile, "Gentlemen, I am merely quoting from ex-President Taft's message to Congress."



Photo by Matsene

MADAME NELLIE MELBA

ON a bitter night in New York the throngs stood in line—the line extended far down the street—waiting to purchase tickets to the Lexington Opera House. I was in that line, and from its very length, as well as from comments and newspaper reports, I knew that the Chicago Opera Association was making a success of their New York season. It seemed courageous for an organization coming from the West to vie with the mighty Metropolitan in the presentation of grand opera, but, nothing daunted, the director, Chalfonte Campanini, and his company

completed a season which was pronounced a brilliant success from first to last.

"Faust," with Melba, was the bill that night. The charm of this opera of Gounod's increases with the years. At each hearing new beauties, lights and shadows, unobserved in previous times, appear and seem to enhance the fascination. The story of "Faust," as immortalized by Goethe, is of never-ending human interest. George Baklanoff was masterful as Mephistopheles, while his rich, resonant voice and alert dramatic interpretation was refreshing—a change from the stiff and sombre conception of the role handed down with the traditions of the opera.

And Melba sang. In those few notes at the last of the act of the "Flower Scene," she left the audience aroused, but when she had completed the "Jewel Song," the sounds of "bravos" and cheers came from every quarter of the house. The heartiness of the applause from gallery and balcony was inspiring; soon the occupants of the orchestra and the boxes forgot their dignity and *blase* air for the nonce and joined in hailing Melba "queen of Marguerites." There was the same fascinating charm of voice as in years ago, and every auditor was eager to join in the plaudits to the famous Australian prima donna who is the only survivor of the galaxy of the most brilliant stars that ever adorned grand opera.



HON. CHARLES H. BROUGH, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS

WHEN people sneeringly refer to the "Arkansas Traveler" as typical of the state, they may be put down as ignorant. Traveling in every nook and corner these days, I find a progressive spirit that would shame these back number duties. The school system is one of the gems in the only state where real diamonds have been discovered. The weather and unity of minerals, woods, and products are unequaled. These are

all recognized by Charles H. Brough, the present Governor of Arkansas. Mr. Brough achieved fame as an author and lecturer, and served as professor of political economy in the University of Arkansas before he thought of being a mere Governor. In his campaign, covering every corner of the state, he became acquainted with the people, and acquaintances are a power to reckon with in political calculations. His



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CHALFONTE CAMPANINI
General Director of the Chicago Opera Association

acquaintances extend beyond the boundary of the state and the power of his tongue and pen belong not only to the state, but to the nation.

He is one of the Governors that knows how to speak for himself, and he keeps before his people the ideals and glorious traditions of the early days of the republic and the vital purposes of the future. Altho born in Mississippi, and educated at Johns Hopkins, he is an Arkansan thru and thru, and is a real booster of the southern state.

* * * *

HERBERT COREY, well known in Washington as a newspaper writer, has made a report on conditions in Germany which has been read with great interest. He writes from Switzerland saying that no one was starving in Germany, but every one was hungry. While no one was naked, no one was well clothed. Only one room in a house was heated. There were many epidemics. He describes the condition in Germany as being one of misery rather than actual suffering. A German is given a ration of four slices of bread a day, five pounds of potatoes a week, one egg, three-quarters of a pound of meat, six ounces of sugar, and three ounces (Continued on page 233)

Victims of Education

By LORD LEVERHULME

QUR special imbecility in education affairs has been that we have left ourselves too much in the hands of scholastics. The scholastic builds his edifice on book learning. With these men the belief is established that mankind knows nothing except what it has learned out of books. In any case, they act as if they believed that;

whilst most of our best education—the best education of every one of us in busy life—we never get out of books at all, but in the daily affairs of life. An unread ploughboy or mechanic can put many scholars to the blush with his knowledge of life, and of many matters that are of vital interest to the well-being of the individual. We know that many book-worms are veritable ignoramuses, and many so-called uneducated persons—uneducated, that is, in book learning—may be veritable encyclopedias in all the affairs of life. We worship book learning to the summit of adulation. Yet what can it help us? Except in painting and sculpture, everything practical in the way of handicrafts is despised. We despise a boy who, at fourteen, is earning his own pocket money; we admire a boy who, at fourteen, is writing Greek plays. And as to our daughters—the daughter who is earning her own living is, today, almost considered scarcely an eligible future wife; and whilst our sons who have taken a University degree and have adopted, say, the medical profession or the legal profession, would be welcomed in every house as eligible and desirable future husbands, the girl who has adopted a profession, however high the University degree may be that she has taken, does not receive invitations to house parties, and does not receive invitations to receptions, "At Homes," and garden parties, because she is not quite in the "Class." Yet every man or woman who has attained to any eminence has supported himself, or herself, more or less, according to his or her necessity, from very early in their life.

The cure is not less book learning, but some practical application of book learning. It is not book learning that we must scrap—it is our vague wool-gathering aims and objectives that we must scrap. A boy or girl board school scholar, and man or woman university student, who have been well taught from books will make, if taught to apply the knowledge so gained, superior craftsmen, or business men, or housewives. Suppose we consider education as, say, equivalent to an electric current. For transmission you must have a copper wire; for the transmission of education you must have book learning. If with

electricity we worship transmission, what use would electricity be to us? But take that copper wire that acts as transmitter with the electric current running thru it, then cut that copper wire, connect the two ends by a fine wire, and you will find that that fine wire will glow with heat. You have produced heat. Now, cut again the wire in another place and attach to it a

carbon filament lamp and you will find you have produced light; cut again in a third place, and suitably connect the two ends with what is called a motor and you will find you have produced power; but there was neither heat, light nor power until you made the break from the transmission. So in education, you must make a break from book learning to actual practice. The current of book learning must be applied to definite ends and aims within the powers of utility. We should get nothing out of the electric current if we had vague ideas as to its application for heating, lighting and power; and so it is with book learning.

We are sometimes inclined to ask ourselves the question on this point—we do not really in our hearts and minds believe it possible—but still we ask: Are people less efficient by book education? Often it seems to a business man that the university-trained man makes less use of what brain he has than does a so-called uneducated man. Edison, the great inventor, filled his laboratories with university-trained men; and yet no one was more fond than he of showing that this university knowledge had to be applied practically, and that university men were lacking in the practical application of their knowledge. On one occasion he took an electric candle, such as we have everywhere, and handed it to a man who had taken the very highest degrees in mathematics at one of the universities. "Now," he said,

"just calculate for me the cubical contents of this bulb." There you see a bulb overhead, and how it tapers, and it is not an easy thing to calculate. Well, this man took several hours, and covered several sheets of paper with calculations, and finally brought the result to Mr. Edison. "No," said Mr. Edison, "you are at least ten per cent wrong." Well, the man went back and calculated all over again, but could arrive at no different result; so he came again and rather insisted that he was right. "No," Mr. Edison, said, "I know you are at least ten per cent wrong; let me have the bulb." Edison took the bulb; he took a common plumber's diamond, cut round the projecting glass point at the end, gave the end a tap



LORD LEVERHULME

SIR WILLIAM LEVER was recently raised to the peerage by King George, with the title of Lord Leverhulme. He is best known as one of England's foremost merchant manufacturers and as the creator of "Port Sunlight," an industrial experiment, the success of which has been the marvel of the industrial world.

Lord Leverhulme's article is particularly interesting in that it proves conditions in England, as regard education and industry, to be very like conditions in America. He is well qualified, on account of his experience and opportunities for observation, to speak authoritatively on the subject.

and it fell out, leaving the bulb as a cup or bottle. Edison then took it to the tap, filled it with water, poured the water into a beaker, read off the cubical contents, and did all this in a minute, and the record proved that the man was, as Edison had said, ten per cent wrong. Now, that university man, with the book learning, had his whole brain on calculations. The practical man would know nothing about calculations. Edison had not had a university education, and in trying to think of the cubical contents, he made the bulb into what you might call a cup or bottle, and then measured what water it contained.

So, after a certain point, what we want is not mere book-learning, but more practical training and education. It is well known that nothing is so fatal to thought as continuous reading. In handicraft, the mind can follow its own train of thought, and notorious in English history has been the deep thinking of the village cobbler, and his great influence on village politics, all springing from the practical use of his hands, his eyes, and his brains. Working these together he could think better and clearer. It is said that the late Sir Hiram Maxim discovered the principle of using the recoil of a gun to place the next cartridge in position, in what is known as the Maxim gun, when out shooting one day with an old gun that kicked badly. The principle of the safety valve was discovered by a fourteen-year-old boy, whose duty, for which he received his wages, was to watch the gauge of a boiler, and, when the gauge recorded a certain pressure of steam, to pull a string which opened the safety valve and reduced the pressure, and let the record on the gauge go down. He wanted to go away and play, and he arranged a series of weights to take the place of his hands on the cord, and he found that when the steam got to a certain pressure it would lift the weights, and allow the steam to blow off, and so he was able to go and play marbles.

The educated who are nurtured on books alone are the victims of education, and not the efficient of the nation. And how do we arrive at our final gauge of the book-educated man? The final acid test of book education is an examination, and if the student passes this examination he receives the hall-mark of college and university, with an assortment of letters added to his name. But what about the great world outside? The late Sir Alfred Jones told me himself that he would not have a university man in his office. I argued and debated with him because, at the time, I intended to send my own son to the university, which I did, and have never regretted it, and I thought that the only point was the question of application. I argued that a university-trained brain, if it applied itself to business, must be a superior brain to the untrained brain of a man who has not had a university training; but there is no sequence from the passing of these examinations to the progress in after life. Senior Wranglers have often proved the biggest failures of all amongst those who have gone thru universities. Private firms, as far as my knowledge goes, have never adopted the examination system of entry into their business, or for a seat on their board of directors. No, the injustice of our education is that it does not look beyond the cramming with book learning; that it victimizes the student and condemns him, or her, to an after life of hard and toilsome drudgery, merely because the learning has not been applied to a definite object, such as I mention in the illustration of the electric current, of either heat, or light, or power.

It is perfectly useless in any affair of life to call attention to what one believes to be an evil without at any rate making some attempt to apply a remedy. There is no remedy in evening classes. In a business I know, it was made a condition of employment that all young persons between fourteen and eighteen years of age must attend evening classes. The parents consented and it was tried for many years, but it was not a success and the reason is obvious. You take a boy and girl of fourteen from school, and what has their previous life been? They have gone to school at nine o'clock, they have had a quarter of an hour's break in the forenoon and gone home at twelve o'clock; they have come again at one thirty or two o'clock, had another break in the afternoon and gone home at four

o'clock, and immediately on leaving school you take the boy or girl and you put him or her in a works or office. They are working alongside adults and working the adult hours. You do not say to the adult after a hard day's work, "Go and attend an evening class;" but you say to these immature, growing boys and girls that you want them to give three evenings a week to evening classes for the improvement and development of their brain. Neither their brain nor body is capable of receiving education under such conditions.

Now, if we return to the reports that have been issued since the war began on fatigue of munition workers, we find this astonishing fact—that a larger output, not only per hour, but per week, has been made when fewer hours have been worked. I was speaking to an employer on this subject, and he told me this: That in the early days of the war the nominal hours in his factory were fifty-three for the women; and he was staggered to find that the women were losing an average of fourteen hours each per week—fourteen hours a week was the lost time for each woman, bringing the actual time worked by each down to thirty-nine hours—and he said: "Oh, this won't do; we will let the women come an hour later in the morning, and we will let them go an hour earlier in the evenings," and that is twelve hours a week less. So he made the hours forty-one a week, and then he found that the lost time averaged one hour per woman per week; therefore, they were making forty hours instead of thirty-nine as previously. But he found in addition, that in the forty hours that they now worked on the average—this was after deducting lost time—he had an increase in the output on the week of forty-four per cent. Fatigue the human being today, let the man or woman come fatigued to work tomorrow, and so on, and after two or three days the output goes down, down, down, and is continually falling. Let the human being work no harder today than the body can accomplish without fatigue, and he or she will come again fresh the next day; the output increases and increases, and it has been found that the increased output from working a reasonable number of hours varied, according to the industry, from fifty per cent to one hundred and twenty per cent, and the fifty per cent, you will see, agrees very nearly with the figures given to me by my friend. Now, therefore, I say it is not difficult to imagine that with two shifts working six hours each the output might go up thirty-three and one-third per cent. The lowest result I have heard of is forty-four per cent, and I only require to assume an increased output of thirty-three and one-third per cent. With an increased output of thirty-three and one-third per cent you have exactly the same output in six hours as you had in the eight, and, therefore, instead of the seventy-five thousand tons production with two shifts you would have one hundred thousand tons production with two shifts, and you would have a cost of sixteen shillings per ton instead of twenty. You would have your employees one week at home in the mornings to dig in their gardens, go shopping, do whatever they need to do; in the alternate week they would be at home in the afternoons. You would have these alternate mornings and afternoons for all the young people from fourteen years up available for education. Now, just think what that would mean to the cause of education!

Well, now, we have got, as I have said, mornings and afternoons, and instead of having our people in the United Kingdom of all classes, some, immaturely, going to work before they are educated, others merely receiving a book education all their lives and not being quite fitted for practical life; surely it would not be too much to ask that all classes (seeing that we have the great burden of war debt to pay off), that all classes should do some work in our factories, workshops, and offices, for six hours a day, for the same rate of pay that is paid in the ordinary way, and so get that connection between the hand, the eye, and the brain, which turns all the best book learning into the most practical results. It has been done by many in the highest positions. All this practical knowledge is today at the service of the nation on motors for aircraft, and (Continued on page 235)

March, Chief of Staff, U.S.A.

PEYTON C. MARCH, "the man with the smiling eyes," the youngest of the major generals, has been summoned back from France to become chief of staff. He has been devoting his attention to the artillery branch of the service, and accompanied General Pershing to take charge of this important division of the work.

Altho this was his special branch of the service, he has been an active student of the infantry, cavalry and engineers. In fact, his interest was in the army as a whole, and not in its separate branches, for which reason he is especially well qualified to take up his work as chief of staff.

He has had wide experience out on the firing line. When the Spanish-American War broke out, General March was then a first lieutenant in the regular army, and when John Jacob Astor gave a battery for service in the Philippines, March was made a captain of volunteers and given command. It was a notable organization, made up mostly of college men, and shared with Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" the attention of the country.

Major General March's office, or headquarters, in Washington, are on the left of the corridor, just beyond Secretary Baker's office in the Army and Navy Building. Over the door the simple words are printed, "Chief of Staff." Inside I met Major Swing, who was at the front with Major General March in France for nine months. The four walls of the room are covered with immense maps, and across these maps the battle lines are marked with red, green and blue-head tacks, representing the different sectors held by the Allies. In the enemy territory are pastboard slips stuck into the maps with pins at the different headquarters, and on these slips are written brief information as to nationality of troops, number of divisions and commanding officer. In many respects this chief-of-staff office looks like a sales manager's rooms, with his activities marked on the map with colored pins.

Peyton C. March was born in Easton, Pennsylvania, and is fifty-three years old. His father was Dr. Francis A. March, of Lafayette College. How young Peyton came to be appointed to West Point is an interesting story.

Representative William Mutchler, a well-known character in his day, became angered over the fact that his appointee had not passed the examination.

He went stamping up to the college.

"Professor," he said, "this West Point business is giving me a lot of trouble. I have been appointing boys whom my local political friends recommend, but they go there and flunk on the examinations, or if they get in, they can't hold their places. So I am going to give up the Democrats and try Republicans. I want you to let me appoint one of your sons. I guess they wouldn't have any trouble with examinations."

There were six sons in the family to choose from, and the question as to which one was the problem, as they all stood over six feet tall, and nearly equally eligible by age.

Finally the second son was chosen, and Peyton packed his "grip" for West Point, where he passed his examinations with flying colors.

It was Peyton March, then major, who, as aid to General MacArthur, was put in charge of the 33rd infantry and captured the home of Aguinaldo.

Richard Harding Davis, who was then a war correspondent, wrote of the capture of Madame Aguinaldo and her luxurious appointments of perfumes, fans, soaps and wearing finery.

"Finally they came to a box holding dozens of cakes of fine soap," wrote Davis. "Its fragrant, clean aroma rose to the men's faces, and they suddenly stopped. Major March stopped,



MAJOR GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH

too, and looked with eager, tempted eyes. The men looked at their officer, the officer looked at the soap—then—well, it was Madame Aguinaldo's soap, not theirs. Major March ordered them not to touch it and he looked away while they wrapped it up and put it back. Surely the brilliant young West Pointer deserved the tribute which Madame Aguinaldo paid him while in Manila. 'I do not like Americans,' she said, 'but as for Major March, he is the nicest, kindest man I have ever met.'"

* * * *

Major General March assumed his duties in Washington just as the sad news that his son and namesake, Lieutenant Peyton C. March, Jr., was killed by a fall from an airplane on one of the southern training fields. The heavy grief of the father's heart was supported in knowledge that his boy had died the soldier's death in the service of his country. Major General March, as chief of staff of the greatest army America has ever seen, knows what the real cost of the war is to loved ones at home, and his great heart beats in human sympathy with those other fathers and mothers who scan the papers with dread each morning, lest some precious name be written there on the roll of honor, who has made the supreme sacrifice for his country.

The Story of Molly Beck

An Actual Occurrence in Washington's Maze of Bureaus

By HERBERT L. BAKER

THIS is the story of Molly Beck. Molly lives in Westchester County, New York, alone, but will not be alone a month from now. Her soldier husband sailed away a good while ago, and she has heard from him only once since he arrived on the other side. Molly is very much worried, because she does not know how she can pay the expenses of the new arrival expected at her house very shortly. She told the sympathetic ladies of the Red Cross of her predicament, and they will see her thru, of course.

Molly understood from her husband that he had allotted to her fifteen dollars per month, and that the Government would add fifteen dollars a month, so that she should be in receipt of thirty dollars a month. She understood this was to begin last October; here it is the first of March, and she has not received a dollar.

That looked to me like a typical case, and I thought I would hunt it down while in Washington. I was given his name as Brainard Beck, Ambulance Section No. 305, American Expeditionary Force.

I went to the War Building this morning, stated my business at the door, filled out an application for a pass, and, finally, was admitted into the sacred precinct. I stated my business to Dr. Keppel (formerly dean of Columbia University), who has charge of the outer office of the Secretary of War. I started to tell him the particulars. He held up his hand and said: "My dear boy, don't tell me anything about it. You should see Major Beckham, who has charge of insurance matters." He sent a colored messenger with me to Major Beckham, who was extremely courteous and pleasant. It happened, however, that this matter of allowances was not in his division. He referred me to Mr. Brown, superintendent of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Division of Allotments and Allowances, and gave me a note to Mr. Brown.

I found this Bureau in the New National Museum, a mile or more from the War Department, but that was only a pleasant walk on a morning like this. I found Mr. Brown and his assistant, Dr. W. L. Chamberlain. They told me that within three weeks from the time the law went into effect they had nearly a million applications dumped on them without a clerk, a desk, or a stenographer. Since that time they have built up an organization of over two thousand people. If the applications had been in proper form and sent in promptly, there would have been no delay in final action, but the officers of the various camps seem to have taken their own good time; for instance, they received a bag containing several thousand applications which the Rainbow Division took to France with them, and sent back after getting over there. Even this morning they received a bunch of applications from one camp, some of these applications dating back to November 15th, and practically every camp has had similar delays.

Dr. Chamberlain very kindly had a search made for Brainard Beck, and there was a long delay, but finally the clerk came in to ask whether the man's name could be Bernard G. Beck, Westchester County, New York, which, of course, must be him.

Then I learned that there had been no allotment made in this case. Barney had gaily sailed away without doing anything about it, trusting to Providence and Uncle Sam to look out for his family responsibilities. He should have filed his allotment blank in November. Either he forgot it or his officers never made it plain to him.

There have been so many such cases that the Government has provided for them. Half an enlisted man's pay is withheld here in Washington, and his wife can apply for it to be allotted

to her, together with the regular government allowance, which is done when everything is proved up and found all right.

Well, Molly apparently waited a long time, with a growing feeling of injustice and neglect toward the country Barney had gone to serve, not knowing that he had failed to do his part. On December 28th she signed an application for allotment and allowance, but she evidently took her time about mailing it, because it did not reach Washington until January 28th.

Here it was given a number (No. 294,326), and took its place in the line for consideration in its turn. The Bureau reached it on February 13th. The first thing to establish is whether Bernard G. Beck is actually in the army service. This inquiry was referred to the adjutant general on that day. So I tramped back to the War Department, filled out another request for a pass, got it from a smiling old lady who enjoys her job. A messenger was called from a line sitting near by, and I was steered upstairs, up and down endless corridors, to room No. 257. Here a snarly old party asked what I wanted. Told him. He is evidently an old bureaucrat who carries a continual grouch against all the world because he hates to be pushed—probably never had much to do until the war began. He said they could not bother with special searches—had over eight thousand similar cases ahead of them all the time—if soldiers would only, etc. I said, "But suppose I, as an American citizen, wish it." He saw that I was beginning to boil, so he asked for the soldier's name, service, etc., saying he would try to look it up. I waited a while, and then he explained it was useless to wait, that it would take over an hour; if he found it he would send it back to Bureau of War Risk Insurance this afternoon. I'm afraid he made a promise he does not intend to keep to get rid of me, but hope not.

Telephoned Dr. Chamberlain about it, and he said he would look out for this case especially, and suggested I come in tomorrow morning and see whether it had come back from adjutant general's office.

* * * * *

Heigho! A yawn and a stretch, and here it is another day. Everything is so far away from everything else in Washington that the day is gone before you know it—and nothing done yet! When you ask the location of a government department here in Washington, you must always call attention to the day of the week, because on Thursday you seldom find an office located where it was on Monday.

I went back to the office of the adjutant general as soon as it opened this morning. Old Mr. Grouch felt a good deal better, and was as pleasant as one could wish. He said that he had made a careful search and could find no inquiry regarding Bernard G. Beck. He suggested that perhaps the inquiry had gone to the office of the quartermaster general, where the records were kept before the new law went into effect. By the way, that "new law" must have been a very comprehensive and important document—one hears it referred to on all occasions by all sorts of officials.

The quartermaster general's office was room 334 of the same building, which required a half mile's walk to get there just the same. This being Thursday, the quartermaster general was not there, but had moved to other rooms which I finally found. In that office I was referred to Captain Chappell, and he told me that their office would have no records of men in the Ambulance Service. He suggested that I try the surgeon general in the Mills Building.

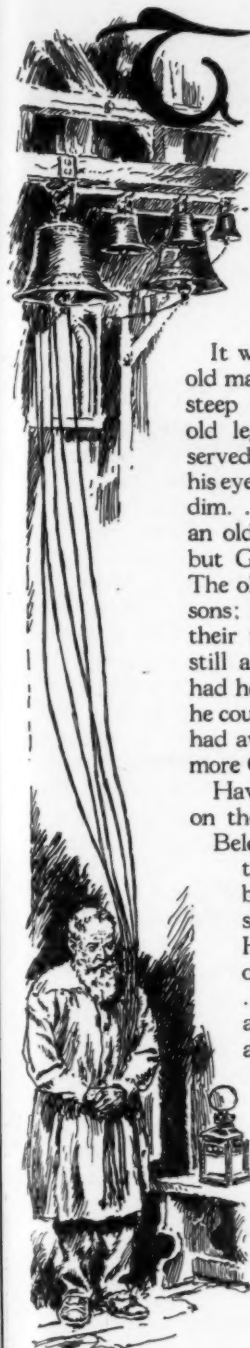
I found the Mills Building and the surgeon general's office on the seventh floor. There I was referred to Captain Newton on the fifth floor. Captain Newton (Continued on page 237)

The Old Bell-Ringer

(ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL)

By VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

Reprinted by permission of the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Massachusetts, whose "Short Story Masterpieces," of which *The Old Bell-Ringer* is one, is undoubtedly the finest collection of short stories ever published



HE step of the winding staircase creaked as the old bell-ringer ascended the belfry, and soon his little lantern looked like a star suddenly sprung into space.

It was hard for the old man to mount the steep staircase. His old legs had already served their time, and his eyesight had grown dim. . . . It was time an old man had rest, but God seemed slow in sending deliverance. The old bell-ringer had buried sons and grandsons; he had escorted both young and old to their final resting-place; but he himself was still alive. It was hard! . . . So many times had he greeted Easter that he had lost count—he could not even remember how many times he had awaited here his last hour. And now once more God had willed that he should be here.

Having reached the top, he leaned his elbow on the railing.

Below, around the church, he could discern the wretchedly-kept graves of the village burial-place; as if to protect, old crosses stood over them with outstretched arms. Here and there a young birch tree inclined over them its branches, as yet leafless. . . . The aromatic odor of young buds ascended from below toward Mikheyich, and with it came a feeling of the sad tranquility of eternal sleep.

And what would he be doing a year hence? Would he once more climb this height, under this bronze bell, to arouse with a resounding peal the lightly-slumbering night, or would he be resting . . . down there, in some dark corner of the graveyard, under a cross? God knows! . . . He was ready, but in the meantime the Lord called him once more to greet the holiday.

"All glory be to God!" whispered his lips, accustomed to the old formula. Mikheyich raised his eyes toward the sky, dense with millions of stars, and crossed himself.

"Mikheyich, Mikheyich!" a trembling voice, also that of an old man, suddenly called him from below. The aged sexton looked up toward the belfry, even fixed his palm over his blinking, tear-wet eyes, and still could not see Mikheyich.

"What do you want? I am here," answered the bell-ringer, leaning out from the belfry. "Can't you see me?"

"No, I can't see. Isn't it time to strike? What do you think?"

Both of them glanced at the stars. Thousands of God's

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Altho banished many times, exile never spiced the writings of Vladimir Korolenko with bitterness. Thru all of his stories and prose poems runs a strain of lyric sweetness which emphasizes the innate tenderness and nobility of the writer. Born in July, 1853, Korolenko at an early age entered the St. Petersburg Institute of Technology and soon demonstrated his great genius. For numerous political offenses—acts that would not be considered offenses at the present time—he was exiled many times. His banishment, however, seemed to give the needed strengthening to his character, with the result that from the pen of no Russian has ever flowed a more beautiful harmony of written words. In "The Old Bell-Ringer" the Russian author, in simple words, has drawn from the inspiration of actuality one of the most beautiful and charming pen pictures ever portrayed.*

lights twinkled on high. The fiery "Wagoner" was already far above the horizon. Mikheyich pondered.

"No, not yet; wait just a little longer. . . . I know when to . . ."

He knew. He had no need of a time-piece. God's stars always told him when the time came. The earth and the sky, the white cloud floating silently across the expanse of blue, the distinct murmur of dark pines below, and the rippling of the stream concealed by the dark—all were familiar to him, near to him. . . . Not in vain had he spent his life here. For the moment his entire long past unrolled before him. . . . He recalled how he ascended the belfry with his father for the first time. . . . Good Lord! how long ago it was!—and what a short

time it seemed! . . . He saw himself once more a fair-haired lad; his eyes were kindled; the wind—not the sort that raises the dust of the street, but rather a more rare wind, flapping, as it were, its noiseless wings high above the earth—played with his hair.

. . . There below, so far, so far away, he saw some sort of little people; and the houses of the village also seemed small, and the forest receded into the distance, and the round-shaped meadow, upon which stood the village, seemed immense, almost boundless.

"Well, here it is, all here!" smiled the old man, glancing at the small spot of earth.

"So life, too, is like that," he reflected. "When one is young, one sees neither its end nor its edge." . . . And yet here it was, as if in the palm of one's hand, from the very beginning to the very grave he had just been contemplating in the corner of the burial-ground. . . . What of that? Glory be to the Lord!—It was time for rest. It was a hard road, and he had traversed it an honest man; and the damp earth was his mother. . . . Soon—if only soon! . . .

Well, the time had come. Mikheyich glanced once more at the stars, removed his cap, crossed himself, and began to gather up the ropes of the bells. . . . A few more moments, and the nocturnal air trembled from the resounding stroke. . . . Another, a third, a fourth . . . one after the other, filling the lightly-slumbering pre-festal night with an outpouring of powerful, lingering, resonant, singing tones.

The bell grew silent. The service in church had begun. It was the habit of Mikheyich in former years to go down and to stop in a corner near the door in order to pray and listen to the chanting. This time, however, he remained in the tower. It was difficult for him; aside from that, he felt intensely fatigued. He sat down on a little bench, and as he listened to the dying tones of the agitated bronze he grew deeply pensive. What were his thoughts? He himself could hardly have answered the question. . . . The bell-tower was but dimly lighted by his lantern. The still vibrating bells were lost in the darkness; faint murmurs of the chant reached him occasionally from below, and the nocturnal wind stirred the ropes fastened to the iron hearts of the bells.

The old fellow let fall his gray head upon his breast. His mind was in a state of delirious fancy. "Now they are singing a hymn," he thought, and he imagined himself among the others in church. He heard an outpouring of (Continued on page 233)

Herb Palin's Rhymes of the Times

"GLORY BOYS"

Sons of America!—fighting for Freedom,
Yankees and Southerners, Westerners, all,
Brothers united 'neath starry Old Glory,
Waging a war at Humanity's call:
Fighting the forces of world-wide oppression,
Crossing the ocean that Mercy may live;
We of America—wishing you God-speed,
Tender a *Name*, which we tenderly give.

Sons of America! proudly we dub thee
"Glory Boys!" name that is fitting to wear;
Honors the Flag that you righteously fight for,
Name that our Allies would have you to bear:
Glory Boys! Glory Boys! thus we acclaim thee,
Long may it ring down the hallways of Time;
Perish Autocracy's power for conquest,
Perish the Kaiser's grim power for crime.

THE SHADOW

The Shadow of Kaiserdom darkens the earth,
Has taken its place "in the sun";
While the life-blood of nations,
Of men of all stations,
In crimson-tide torrents does run.

An age-olden story—but starry Old Glory
Waves over the Land of the Free;
But the Shadow has rolled
'Neath its sheltering fold,
A menace to you and to me!

This Fair Land of Freedom—yes, Liberty Land,
Is menaced by Germany's steel;
So guard it! Defend it!
Make stern war and end it,
When Prussia's dark power does reel.

*"While Humanity Bleeds,
Do Merciful Deeds"*

"Work as One Till the Germans Run"

MAKE THE KAISER WISER

In these days of stress and trial,
And of war-time self-denial,
When every patriot should do his part;
We are daily getting wiser
To the methods of the Kaiser,
And the diabolic workings of his heart.

When the war in Europe started,
And peace from earth departed,
The Kaiser started out to swallow France;
But grew angry near to choking,
While his heavy Krupps were smoking,
When the Allies stopped his Paris-ward advance.

Then when Belgium was wrested,
And America protested
That the seizure of that little land was wrong;
He cut a friendly caper—
Said that little "scraps of paper"
Could never stay the movements of the strong.

Then, to emphasize his notion,
He drew circles in the ocean,
And warned the ships of every land away;
Submarined our wives and daughters
In the cold Atlantic waters,
Just to show how gentle German Kaisers play.

And, as is the rule with Prussia,
He rushed his spies to Russia;
He just raised merry hell with "Cousin Nick;"
Which was strictly on the level,
From the viewpoint of the Devil,
For at nothing underhanded does he stick.

But this gentle Kaiser's error,
While all Europe crouched in terror,
Was that our Uncle Sam would never fight;
But he missed his calculation,
Sizing up the U. S. nation,
For America has ever fought for Right.

So, now that we are in it,
Let us do our parts to win it;
United let our hundred millions stand;
Round up spies and sympathizers
Of the worst of German kaisers,
And fight for peace on every earthly land.

People You Pay to Know

Galli-Curci of the Velvet Voice

FO the names of Jenny Lind, Patti, Nordica, Melba and Tetrazzini must be added a new opera star, with something in her voice like the heart of a pansy." Galli-Curci is her name—made up of her maiden name hyphenated with that of her husband, who, by the way, is both a Marquis and a painter.

The triumph of Galli-Curci in New York was to some extent a re-echo. Altho the East threw itself at the feet of this wonderful artist, Chicago—dear old beef-packing Chicago with its muddy feet—was grinning. It had known and enjoyed the great prima donna for two years all to itself. And had even gone so far as not only to lionize her, but took her home to their bosoms—canned! More than one hundred and fifty thousand records of her rich voice were sold after a single season in Chicago, against less than four thousand in New York. New York is now expected to beat Chicago's score next year—mounting Galli-Curci's royalty up to \$200,000.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, who should be a good judge, is most lavish in her praise, saying: "There is something so personal in her singing. We can all admire the vocal agility that she must bring to her roles, but the most amazing thing about her voice is a limpid, luscious, even quality. Calve had a liquid velvetiness like hers. And Galli-Curci can put her heart in her voice. The same quality runs thru her whole range, which I suppose must be two and a half octaves—a capacity for imparting mellowness all thru, from the highest to the lowest, which I have never heard in in any other singer."

It has been interesting to note how interested Gatti of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, has been explaining how Galli happened to be discovered on the back doorstep—Chicago—instead of by his own eagle eyes in New York. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Gatti-Casazza, like Mr. Campanini, knew Galli-Curci's father; knew her husband; knew the start of her career.

Luigi Curci wrote from South America, and from Cuba wrote again to his friend Gatti at the Metropolitan, asking if there was room for his wife in a company now crowded with stars from every country in war-stricken Europe. New

York had then an embarrassment of riches as to singers, and a dearth of popular interest in operas of the older school that Galli-Curci sings.

There was no "audition" here, no rejection of her voice; nobody blundered but blind destiny, that found a reluctantly opened door a thousand miles westward, a grudging contract for two nights at \$300. But those two nights made history.

It is estimated that Galli-Curci will make as much money from her voice next year as Caruso, the golden-throated (coated, I almost wrote) tenor. This will be in the neighborhood of \$250,000—a tidy sum to pay the war tax on.

Jenny Lind was the first to uncover the depth of American enthusiasm for women singers. P. T. Barnum introduced her, and the public went wild, paying for first choice of seats as much as \$650. Adelina Patti, a little New York and Yonkers street waif, was the next sensation. She sang "Lucia" in operatic debut when but sixteen years of age. Later, Patti commanded as much as \$5,000 per night. Melba, at \$3,000 a night, is the nearest approach to this record to date. What Galli-Curci will "hang up" after each performance at the end of her present contract is a matter for conjecture, but she has enough of her wonderful tones put away by the cold-pack process to weather the hardest storms.

Galli-Curci is new, but she has out-distanced them all, and Chicago is laughing up its sleeve at the way she put one across on elite "Noo Yawk."

The revival, this year, of the older Italian operas, the coloratura operas of yesterday, replacing the Germanic pieces with which the opera public has been regaled so

largely of late, is another point in Galli-Curci's favor. For it is in such roles that she is at her best. Pleasing of personality and appearance, the illusion which her voice weaves about the senses is maintained, even enhanced, by her undoubted histrionic powers.

Perhaps the strongest impression one gets about her singing is its entire disassociation from the physical. Her tones seem to flow from her lips without apparent volition, as tho they were some subtle emanation of the spirit.



AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Continued from page 216

minutes later the automobiles, the fire engines, a machine with a bugle, wound in and out of the streets below; a taxi burst into life and limped off, shattering the stillness with its clatter. I was in bed, dozing, nearly asleep; the room became a painful glare—my lights were on again. I had forgotten to turn the button when stumbling about, undressing. I got up, put out the light as I should have done before, and climbed into bed, too tired now to care even if a bomb dropped at my window. The raid was over.

The next morning I found that a bomb had gone thru one of the warehouses near us, and another had nicked the edge from a railroad embankment. I am sending you a piece of this latter bomb, picked up in the street.

DONALD.

Wit and humor, as well as real literature, are coming out of the trenches. Verse, from inspired poetry to inspired jingles and parodies, abounds in the "newspapers" issued by the Americans in the field. Probably the best light verse which has been sent home is that of C. C. Battershell. It is a parody on Kipling's "Gunga Din," and dedicated "to the memory of car No. 423, S. S. U. 31, mort May 8, 1917.

The first stanzas tell of ambulance work, carrying the wounded Poilus in the Ford cars, which went closer to the front and over worse terrain than any others. The last stanza follows:

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last
To our reward of which the preacher sings;
When these ukulele sharps
Will be strumming golden harps,
And the aviators all have reg-lar wings;
When the Kaiser is in hell,
With the furnace drawing well,
Paying for his million different kinds of sin;
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole,
And I'll cast a few loads down with Hunk-a-tin.

Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunk-a-Tin.
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But by Henry Ford who made you,
You are better than all others, Hunk-a-Tin.

Here are letters from two survivors of the Tuscania, Clovis McGeehan and Archie Meredith, both of Ashland, Wisconsin:

Dear Mother: Cabled you that I had arrived safe when we reached port after going thru something that I guess the Lord is the only one who knows how I got here, because I don't. All my presents are in the deep blue sea, including comfort kit, cigars, etc., but I should worry about them as long as I am not there with them.

Read the papers in regard to S. S. Tuscania, and will mail you a copy in regard to same; leave here for somewhere in France today, to try our luck again.

This sure is a fine country and grandmother knew what she was talking about when she used to tell us it was the finest place in the world.

Gilhouilly and Meredith are here and all O. K., including myself.

I sure will have something to tell you all when I get back; would like to write it, but it wouldn't get by the censor. But you can use your imagination, after reading the papers I will mail you.

We have certainly been treated fine. When you write tell me where John Dowd is or any of the other boys that are in France. I ought to be there by the time your letters get there. Write all the news for it will take at least a month to get it from the time it leaves home, and write often, for if anything happens to some of them, I will get the others. You can write anything you want to in your letters, but I can't tell you where I am or anything in regard to where we are going, so it is hard to say much.

It sure is a long way from home and one never knows what will happen. There is one chap in our company who just got word from home that his mother had died four weeks ago. But, above all things, I don't want to get word of that kind.

Well, mother, write often; I will be all right,

for Gilhouilly, Meredith and myself will look after one another.

I will have to invest in things to take the place of my comfort kit, but I had the wristlets on and a nice little Irish girl gave me a scarf and some other articles, so I will manage to get along until I buy some more. Don't send anything, for it will only be a waste of money, as I would probably never get it. The weather here is certainly great—not a bit of snow.

Give my best regards to all, and don't worry.

With love,

CLOVIS.

Dear Mother and Dad: I cabled you that we were O. K., safe, and sent you papers giving accounts of the first punch Fritz got in on us. I was cool all the way thru, and was on board three hours and ten minutes after being hit. Captain Gilhouilly was with me, and Clovis McGeehan was safe also. All the Mellen boys are O. K. Dan Rodgerson being here today completes list. But I have visions every time I close my eyes. It was like a big nightmare, and I lived years in those hours. After it was all over, I was about as restless as you can imagine and finally was lulled to sleep, a handsome Irish girl talking to me about other things. Some experience, and the first loss to American troops in transit. I had written daily of the trip—but that, and all else I have in the world is in the sea somewhere off the coast of Ireland. We had been in sight of land an hour or so.

The welcome we got from people here is beyond my words. I can only tell you no American soldier ever got it at home. They feed, clothe, shelter and provide you with everything. Food is scarce, but they delivered it to us in gobs. Such a wonderful island—old, centuries old cities, quaint old homes, sincere, earnest people, clear-eyed and true in their look. No mockery (dog), just simple, plain folks, with real hearts, who live real lives; but oh, the sad part of it is the tired, careworn look of the thousands of boys we see—boys who have been "over there" and got their two, three and up to nine times. Tired of it all, but doggedly game. Game to see it thru. It makes you feel the load, and we are not yet there. Our least is to share in this, and I wish I might awaken America to the real need over here. America has to save the war from the table. It's a case of Germany whipped now, but the military party controls the people. We must come in force—with food and munitions—relieve Britain and France with a fresh blow clean-up on Fritz. Time is the thing. If we at home wake up, peace will come in the field; if not—on the table. To my mind we need an awakening.

I cannot tell you much about myself. I am well, happy, and willing now to go over again if it's to get a swipe back for this one we received. I hope that John gets by, but when you write him tell him to be brave, heady and to stick to the big boat—no lifeboat stuff goes; the crazy ones lose out every time. I could write a lot of dope, but this may not go by. I don't know what the censor wants left out. You can send this back if you like, and I'll know what to leave unsaid.

We are on our way again in the morning and I'll write when we get to camp. "God bless you and keep you until the longest day," as the Scottish lads say. I know now I am coming home again, and I will have some great things to say.

With love to you both and to all the children.

ARCH.

Jan. 26, 1918.
Somewhere in England.

Dear Mother: I am in a fine camp in England; I am happy and feel better than I have felt for years. My cold is gone, and I have less trouble with my nose than ever.

I cannot realize that I am so far from home, but it is some distance. It is a pretty country and the people are fine. We will probably not be here long, and I will then give you a different address.

I find the food is good and, too, everybody gets enough, but nothing is wasted. Everything is worked on a high efficiency basis. The streets

and homes are clean and pretty, and I can assure you that nobody loaf in England, yet everybody seems to be happy.

The people laugh at us when we go into shops and ask for luxuries that we are used to buying in the cafes at home. When the people in the United States get the system they have here, you will find that even if things are rationed out, you will live as well and it will actually cost less.

In regard to sending things over here, I hardly know what to say. They would reach me sometime O. K. The only things I care to have you send would be towels and soap, but I can get them here. I hardly know of anything that I really need and will not know until we are settled permanently. Tell grandma and Aunt Joe and all that I probably will not write to them while over here because we are somewhat limited. The officers have so much to censor.

I must close.

Lovingly,

DON.

Dear Mother: Received your third letter last night, and father's also. I got letters from a great many other friends. Tell everybody that had written me that I will be sure and answer as soon as possible to express to them my appreciation of being remembered. Tell father that his suggestion that I have a secretary to answer my mail is certainly practical if it could be arranged. Mail is coming in quite regularly now.

Since our arrival in France the company has undergone many changes, having been remodeled for trench fighting. I have been assigned with our signal squad, and it is my duty to assist in maintaining connections between our company and others. We also do a great deal of scouting and observing; most of the work being done in "No Man's Land" at night. It is a pretty responsible job, and the chances for advancement are remarkably good. I am at present detached from my company in school and studying telegraphy, wig-wag and all methods of signalling and wiring trenches.

I must thank you, or at least try to thank you, for all that you have sent me. There is no one thing that I can say that I appreciate more than another. The cigarettes were invaluable; I have just received fourteen more packages. You certainly knew the brand I smoked. The toilet kit was fine. The crackers and socks that grandmother sent me sure did come in handy. The kind of soap that you sent cannot be bought in this country; everything in France is very dead, anyway. I was offered seventy-five francs for those two large boxes of candy. You can imagine in what demand candy of that kind is.

The Elks, Brooklyn Lodge No. 22, sent me a package which contained handkerchiefs, jams, and all sorts of good things to eat, together with cigarettes and tobacco. Tell father to be sure and thank them for their gift and assure them that I appreciate it beyond expression.

I suppose that you are anxious to hear all about me. Seriously, I was never in better physical condition in my life. I am studying hard at school, so as to be of real value to my company when I return to them.

We eat fine here. Tonight we had steak and onions for supper; it was plentiful, as the meals always are. Taps here at 9:30, and first call is at 6:30 in the morning. We get sleep enough, but work hard all day.

To sum everything up, I like it. I like everything about it because it is a man's game and a man's work, and a fellow has to be a man to play it. I would not give it up for a million francs, or dollars either, and I am not going back till this old war is over, even if they try to send me back.

Father asked if I had been on charges. Tell him no, and that I never will be. He asked if I had been advanced. Tell him yes; at least I think so, because in my present capacity I shall count for a great deal more in this game than any corporal ever thought of being. I had the opportunity of wearing two stripes, but turned it down for this more promising job. Our lieutenant instructor tells us that on us will depend the lives and safety of the entire regiment.

We have had some long hiking since my arrival here, and during the winter it was cold,

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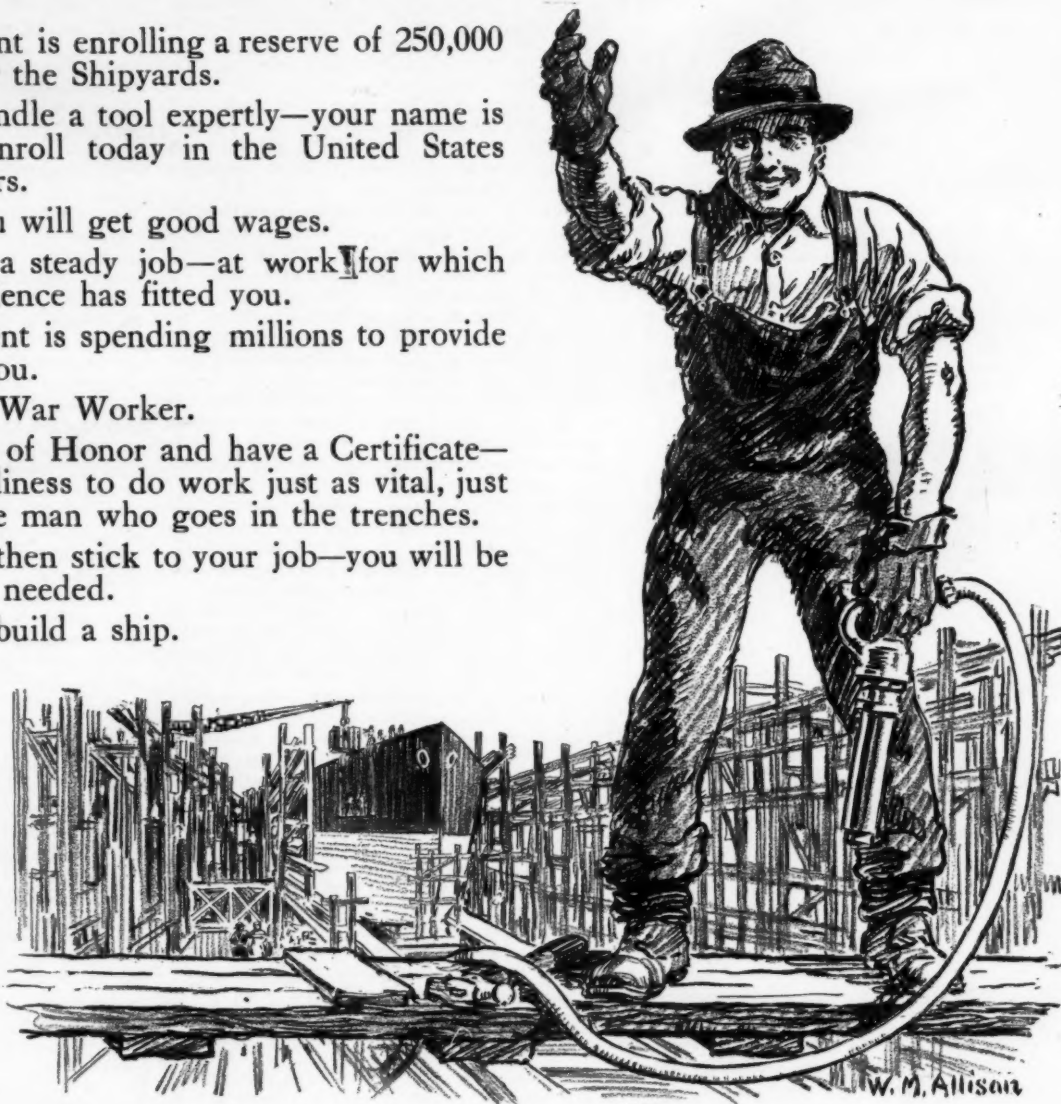
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and we endured real hardships on those hikes. I learned then to sleep from exhaustion, to hike in freezing cold, with little to eat, and to have sore feet and frozen shoes. But everything is different now. Things have sure changed for the better since we arrived in our new quarters. No soldier could ask for more. We are in barracks, and the season has changed from winter to spring. We have been paid twice, and expect another pay-day any day now.

Well, mother dear, I have some other letters to write, and being without the secretary father suggests, I will close, with best love to father, brother, and yourself.

JOSEPH.

Dear Cousin: It is a wonderful night out, "nit." It is snowing, hailing, raining, and everything else. It seems as if all the elements had cut loose at once, and were trying to see which could outdo the other.

There is very little firing on the front tonight. I guess the old weather man is king. I sure pity the boys up there, exposed to this terrible storm. It sure is the kind of a night that takes a lot of the patriotism out of a fellow.

One of the boys awakened us the other night with a yell. A big rat (which are very numerous) had got cold and crawled into bed with him. He made such a loud outcry we thought Fritz had broken thru the line and was on top of us. I guess the rat was as much frightened as the boy he went to bed with. He scampered out the door of the tent followed by a shower of heavy boots. He must have had a charmed life, because, altho the shoes came very close, none hit him.

We are living, some in tents, and some in little round huts with corrugated iron roofs. I myself am living in a tent with seven other boys. We have our bunks arranged around the sides of the tent, with a small stove we found in the ruins of an old French chateau that the Germans had destroyed in their retreat, in the center. At night, when not on duty, the boys are generally crowded around the stove trying to keep warm. The bunks are popular only when we go to bed.

We have witnessed barrage fires, where shells, shrapnel, gas, liquid fire, hand bombs and all other death-dealing contrivances are turned loose on the opposing trenches, before the boys go over the top; air battles, which are fought at such an altitude that the fighters look like sparrows. We have also seen the boys being brought from the front line, wounded and dying, bearing their terrible pain with the stoicism that is peculiar to a man who believes it is for a just and righteous cause.

We have all read with amusement some of the letters printed in the papers at home, written by Y. M. C. A. workers, and boys in our own outfit about their thrilling experiences dodging shells and shrapnel and so forth, when we know that it was a little bit of hot air. Let me tell you the man who does the brave act and is working each day under shell fire, is not the one who shouts from the housetops, "I am a brave man." He is not looking for publicity, or medals, or letters from admiring girls at home for doing the duty that he enlisted for.

If the people at home could only see this country with its little graves dotting the fields, its cities and villages left in ruins by retreating Germans, and hear some of the tales told by the natives, they would enlist when asked, and not wait to be drafted, or when they were asked to buy a Liberty Bond they would not stick another flag out the window and shout "hurrah."

Your loving cousin,

ALFRED.

The White Avengers

Continued from page 211

dimmed, and then silently and without warning a gray cloud settled down upon the mountains and snow began to fall. The view from the cabin door became blurred and then disappeared, and the whole world dropped away and left me. I seemed to be standing on an unstable mass of boiling cloud which drove across the divide;

there was an uncanny sensation that at any moment the cabin might drop off into space. The stillness was incredible; my breathing seemed loud and labored, and I could hear the regular beats of my heart, as one hears a gasoline engine afar off on a quiet night.

As darkness came I cooked a frugal supper and filled the little sheet-iron stove with wood. There were no candles and I had no choice but to sit in the dark, still straining my ears for the sound of approaching showshoes. But none came and after a while all hope of seeing the Supervisor that night vanished and my thoughts turned again to the snowslides.

Now, if forests prevent the avalanches, the logical thing to do, it seems, would be to keep forests growing on the mountain slopes which are susceptible to the slides, and to plant new forests where the original growth has been killed or destroyed.

Planting a forest on the slideway is, of course, more expensive than planting on other areas. The little trees cannot be expected to hold the snow in place until they have firmly established themselves. It may take fifteen or twenty years to accomplish this—it may take longer. All this time the young trees are liable to be carried away by a slide, or so bent and twisted that they will be killed. The fight must go on. Little by little the slides must be gradually hemmed in and restrained. Patience, perseverance, and ingenuity will be required to keep the trees alive and to coax them to sturdy growth, but it can be done. In parts of the Alps it has been found necessary to dig ditches or erect stone walls and terraces in order to shelter the tender young trees which have been planted. Measures of this sort cost money, but so also does the yearly fight against the slides, which must go on and on indefinitely. On a single stretch of two miles of snowsheds one of the great railroad systems is known to have spent a million dollars in replacing old, inadequate shelters. A lot of planting can be done with a million dollars. Once the trees reach a size when they prevent the snow from slipping, however, the big expense is over with, and the only cost is that of protecting the forests from fire, lest the original disaster be repeated.

On those slides which occur on mountain slopes from which the original forest cover has been removed, it is safe to say that the cost of replanting the area will be very much less than the cost of building snowsheds to protect the railroad tracks. True, the first planting may have to be followed by others; it may require years to secure a satisfactory stand of little trees, and until they become large enough to hold the snow in place the snowsheds must be maintained. Once the new forest is established, however, the

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Circulation Department,
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

snowsheds with their attendant high cost of upkeep can gradually be done away with, and as the years go on, the nakedness of the barren mountainsides will be reclothed with the verdure of the young trees.

So much for conquering the slides. But how about preventing others in the future? The most natural thing in the world would be to carefully protect what timber remains from fire. Strange to say, many do not seem to realize, even yet, the part which the forests play in safeguarding the tracks from destruction by the avalanches.

The Supervisor did not show up, after all. I learned afterward that he lost all of his grub in trying to cross the Spotted Bear and had been forced to beat a hasty retreat down the river on a raft. Another long day was spent in repairing the phone line far down on the Spotted Bear side of the divide, and another lonesome night at the little cabin; and on the following morning, having decided that there was no need to wait longer, I started home. But rather than cross the remaining slide, I picked my way down along a timbered slope, skirted the edge of the great mass of snow and ice which I had seen smash down from the slide above, and came to the upper valley. It was five miles farther home this way than by the trail, but there were no slides to cross.

Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 222

of butter weekly. The meat rations were recently increased because the cattle are being killed off for lack of fodder. When one looks over this allowance, we can realize that the United States does not yet know war conditions.

Epidemics of dysentery are sweeping thru the central powers, one variety of which is thought to have some of the symptoms of the cholera of the East, and while it is not, the plague is so contagious that the Swiss Government has quarantined against it. Poland is described as facing starvation. No such things as bargain sales are allowed in Germany. Shopping pleasures are a thing of the past, for the housewife must put shopping on the basis of forbidden amusements and pleasure automobiles. Paper clothes seem to have proven a failure, but paper cloth is all right and looks like Scotch mixture or broadcloth. Efforts have been made to make cloth out of wood pulp. Going barefoot has become the vogue in Germany.

"When the realization of inevitable defeat comes," Mr. Corey says, "the collapse will be sudden and overwhelming." Men of fifty-five are subject to call and the moral standards of the people are breaking down. Juvenile misbehavior, petty thievery and illegitimacy are all on the increase. Industrial stagnation and national bankruptcy face Germany, but with it all Mr. Corey believes that she will fight on for at least another year hoping for peace on her own terms, for the plans of next year's war are said to be more murderous and scientific than any of the years past. The happy days of beer drinking are disappearing, for the beer is watered and re-watered until it is said to be like soap and water. Only two glasses of beer a day are allowed in Bavaria, the last to refuse to give up the traditional beloved beverage.

The Old Bell-Ringer

Continued from page 227

children's voices in a choir; he saw the figure of the long-since-departed priest Nahum exhorting the congregation to prayer; he saw hundreds of peasants' heads, like ripe corn before the wind, bend low and stand erect again. . . . The peasants were crossing themselves. . . . Familiar faces, all of them, and all faces of the dead. Here was the stern face of his father; here, beside his father, his older brother, crossing himself and sighing. And he himself stood here, in the bloom of health and strength and full of the unconscious yearning for happiness and the joy of life. . . .

Where, oh where, was this happiness? . . . The old man's mind flared up for a moment, like a dying flame, flashing with a bright, quick movement and illuminating for the moment all the passages of his past life. . . . Hard work, sorrow, care. . . . Oh, where was this happiness? A hard fate can bring furrows to a young face, give a stoop to a strong back, and cause one to sigh like an older man.

There, on the left, among the women of the village, humbly inclining her head, stood his sweetheart. A good woman, hers be the Kingdom of God! How much had she not suffered, that fine soul! . . . Constant need and labor and the inevitable womanly sorrow will cause a handsome woman to wither; her eyes will lose their sparkle; and the expression of perpetual, dull-like fright before each unawaited blow of life will change the most superbly beautiful creature. . . . Yes, and where was her happiness? . . . One son remained to them, their one hope and joy, and he fell a victim to human weakness.

And he, too, was here, his rich enemy, bending low time and again, seeking to pray away the bitter tears of orphans he had wronged; repeatedly he was performing upon himself the sign of the cross, falling on his knees and touching the ground with his forehead. . . . And Mikheyich's heart boiled over within him, while the dark faces of the ikons looked down severely from their walls upon human sorrow and human iniquity.

All that was past, all that behind him. . . . Now the entire world seemed to him like a dark bell-tower, where the wind blew in the dusk, stirring the bell-ropes. . . . "Let the Lord judge you!" whispered the old man, shaking his gray head, while tears silently ran down his cheeks.

"Mikheyich! Mikheyich! . . . You haven't fallen asleep?" some one shouted up to him from below.

"Eh?" returned the old man, and quickly jumped to his feet. "Lord! Have I in truth fallen asleep? That never happened before!"

With an accustomed hand, Mikheyich quickly caught the ropes. Below him moved the peasant throng, a veritable ant-hill; the holy banners a-glimmer with gold brocade fluttered in the wind.

. . . The procession made a circuit of the church, and presently Mikheyich heard the joyous cry, "Christ has risen from the dead!"

Coming like a mighty wave, the cry welmed the old man's heart. . . . And it seemed to Mikheyich that brighter flared the lights of the waxen candles, and that stronger grew the agitation of the people; the holy banners seemed to become more alive; and the suddenly awakened wind caught up the waves of sound and with broad sweeps lifted them high, where they became one with the loud triumphant music of the bell.

Never before had old Mikheyich rung so well!

It was as if the old man's brimming-over heart had passed into the inanimate bronze; and it seemed as if the reverberations at the same time sang and throbbed, laughed and wept, and, uniting in a rare harmony, rose higher and higher unto the starry sky. The stars themselves seemed to him to take on a new sparkle, to burst into flame, while the sounds trembled and flowed, and again came down to earth with a loving embrace.

A powerful bass loudly proclaimed: "Christ has risen!"

While two tenor voices, constantly a-tremble from the repeated blows of the iron hearts, mingled with the bass joyously and resonantly: "Christ has risen!"

And, again, two most slender soprano voices, seemingly in haste not to be left behind, stole in among the more powerful ones, little children, as it were, and sang in emulation: "Christ has risen!"

The entire belfry seemed to tremble and to shake; and the wind blowing in the face of the bell-ringer appeared to flap its mighty wings and to repeat: "Christ has risen!"

The old heart forgot about life, full of cares and wrongs. The old bell-ringer forgot that life for him had become a thing shut up in a melancholy and crowded tower; he forgot that he was alone in the world—like an old stump, weather-beaten and broken. . . . He intercepted these

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IT is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

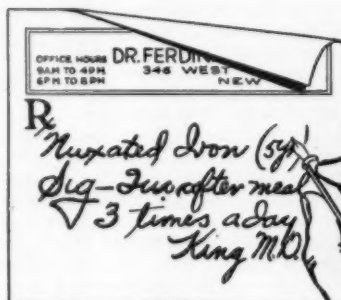
Extracts from some of the letters are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical Author, says: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale—the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unflinching results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the city of Chicago, and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on the value of Nuxated Iron said: "This remedy has proven thru my own tests of it to excel any remedy I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. The manufacturers are to be congratulated in having given to the public a long-felt want, a true tonic, supplying iron in an easily digested and assimilated form. A true health builder in every sense of the word."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood



corpuscles, without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes thru the body, somewhat like corn thru an old mill, with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, vigorous successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The forms of metallic iron must go thru a semi-process to transform them — Nuxated Iron—before to be taken up and human system.

digestive into organic iron they are so ready assimilated by the

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products, and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

singing and weeping sounds, fleeting higher towards the skies and falling again to the poor earth, and it seemed to him that he was surrounded by his sons and his grandsons; that these joyous voices, of old and young, had flowed together into one great chorus, and that they sang to him of happiness and joyousness, which he had not tasted in his life. . . . And the old man continued to tug at the ropes, while tears ran down his face, and his heart beat tremulously with the illusion of happiness.

And below the people were listening and saying to each other that never had old Mikheyich rung so marvellously.

Then all of a sudden the large bell trembled violently and grew silent. . . . The smaller ones, as if confused, rang an unfinished tone; and then, too, stopped, as if to drink in the prolonged, sadly droning note, which trembled and flowed and wept, gradually dying away in the air. . . .

The old bell-ringer fell back exhausted on the bench, and his last two tears trickled silently down his pale face.

"Quick! Send a substitute! The old bell-ringer has rung his last stroke."

Who's What in the Red Cross

Continued from page 215

Of the three hundred and forty-eight officers and employes in the National headquarters at Washington, only eight receive salaries of over two thousand per year. Had the Red Cross been obliged to pay salaries to its heads of departments commensurate with their business training and ability, the present organization would have been impossible. As it is, there are sixty-three major officials serving without cost to the Red Cross.

Up to date, about one hundred and five million dollars in cash has been collected for war funds. The cost of collection was less than one-half of one per cent. Of this amount, nearly eighty million dollars has already been appropriated. The demands are increasing so rapidly that a new drive for funds will soon be necessary. It is planned to follow the third Liberty Loan.

Victims of Education

Continued from page 224

other appliances. Many other men we know have, what I may say, made a little hobby of what we call in Lancashire, "tronning;" but, I say that this practical training in the affairs of life would be good for every one of us, and, on a reasonable system, of work in factories, I do not see why we could not be, every one of us, prepared to, what we have been naming since the war began, "do our bit" in producing and marketing the articles which we consume. And if we work on those lines—and it is only by working on those lines can we solve the education problem—we can pay our way after this war is over, and, generally, come out victorious in commerce as we shall do on the field of battle.

Now I want to suggest here what we might do with the boy and girl. I would make it absolutely compulsory that two hours each day from fourteen years of age to thirty is what we may call "conscripted" for the benefit of the whole nation; from fourteen to eighteen in an extended education of what we may call high school character, together with physical training; from eighteen to twenty-four, education of what we may call the Technical and University character, with extended physical training; from twenty-four to thirty, training for military service, for national service, for the duties of citizenship, preparing for membership on village and town councils, and so on, and general study of all that goes to make for government of ourselves, for ourselves, by ourselves, which ideal is very often merely a catch expression. Now, then, each of us after reaching thirty years of

Continued on page 237

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With the Books

THE usual effect when one receives a book dealing with a particular trade, unless one happens to be a member of that trade, is that of boredom. Like everything else, however, there are exceptions to this rule, and this particularly applies to the interest aroused by the receipt of "Pianos and Their Makers." Alfred Dolge, the author, has had a more varied career than perhaps any man in his line in the world. Starting in at an early age as an apprentice in the piano-making trade, he soon started in business for himself manufacturing by-products for piano makers. So great was his success, so many prizes did he receive, that his wares became noted the world over. The result was the little town in New York which he founded soon became noted thruout the world as "Dolgeville—The City Built with Felt," because of the piano felt manufactured there by Mr. Dolge.

In his book the author has consummated the result of his years of research in the art of piano making, with the result that it is the most thorough, comprehensive work on its line existant. Not only is it of interest to those in the trade, but to

everyone else as well. This is due to the fact that it is a complete history of piano making from A to Z, and contains as well photographs of the leading makers from the time the first piano was made up to the present date.

Already famous because of the model city he founded, and which still bears his name, Mr. Dolge has crowned a life replete with work for his fellow-man by this final achievement, and by so doing has made his name immortal and brought the art of piano-making from a mere occupation to the highest plane in business science.

"Pianos and Their Makers." By Alfred Dolge. Covina, California: Covina Publishing Company. Price, \$5.00.

To fiction's company of great detectives came Fleming Stone a couple of years ago, with the advent of Carolyn Wells' "Curved Blades." He appeared again in "The Mark of Cain," in which tale was introduced the incorrigible Fibsy, whose predilection for prevarication won him the aforesaid title. In her latest problem story, Miss Wells gives us Fibsy and Fleming Stone—and "Vicky Van," charming, laughing, dancing, mysterious Vicky Van.

A murder is committed in her house, and the finger of suspicion points to Vicky, who disap-

pears. Fleming Stone is engaged to find her; but it is Fibsy, with his remarkable "detective sense" who first unravels the tangle. The story is told by a young lawyer, who might be called the hero of the piece. He aids Vicky Van, even tho he is forced to believe her guilty, and eventually tells Stone all he knows because he has fallen in love with the widow of the murdered man.

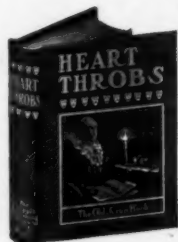
With her usual skill, Miss Wells handles the suspense up to a certain point, and then the denouement comes with a rush. Altogether a diverting tale; one that you're loath to lay down until the final word is read.

"Vicky Van." By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.30 net.

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Victims of Education

Continued from page 235

age will compose units in a nation of made men and women, and we can be trusted then to make the best use within the limits of the law of whatever appears good to us of that two hours a day, for I do not think that a conscription of time after thirty years of age would serve any useful purpose. The organizing of time in this way will give us a fully educated nation, a nation capable of assuming responsibility, and with initiative. There is a great desire, and certainly a healthy desire on the part of the workmen to control the factory he works in, and it is a desire that should be encouraged; but you cannot take a rank and file worker out of the factory today and put him on the board of directors and expect that he will be able to give valuable help and assistance. He must be trained; we have all had to be trained. There must be healthy growth, and there is no sound business without previous training. The cry to have a seat on boards of directors and control industries is a healthy sign; but it would be madness and ruin to the industries of this country if our boards of directors were not trained men, and by this system we shall be able, I hope, to remedy that.

It is perfectly true some of our best men have only got their education in night classes. You know that George Stephenson's father got up at three o'clock in the morning to fettle the neighbors' clocks in order that he might pay for little Georgie's classes; and there have always been a number like that thruout the length and breadth of the land, but we are now wanting more trained and educated men than that system can produce. We do not produce George Stephensons, seniors or juniors, in every street, nor even in each of our towns, and the demand in our industries today, for men and women to fill the positions of foremen, managers, and directors, all thru our industrial system is so great, if we are to keep up with our expansion and development, that unless the nation takes the proper and efficient education in hand of her people, with definite ends for definite objects, agriculture will suffer, industries will suffer, shipping will suffer, and the whole nation will be retarded.

The Story of Molly Beck

Continued from page 226

listened to my story, and then said that he had the records of the commissioned officers only. He referred me to Mr. Garrett of the Enlisted Personnel Division on the third floor. There I found a red-headed son of Cork, with a perpetual grin of good nature. Having no uniform on, he was not afraid to be human. When I told him what I wanted, he said, "Sure Mike," and called a man in uniform, who produced the complete record of Bernard G. Beck in a minute and three-quarters by the clock. I asked him to give me a signed certificate of that service, but he said he was not allowed to do it except on inquiry direct from another office. He did, however, give me an informal memorandum in pencil, stating that Bernard G. Beck enlisted June 20, 1917, in the Ambulance Service, and left the training camp at Allentown, Pennsylvania, for Europe, January 9, 1918.

This memorandum I took back to Dr. Chamberlain at the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. He was astonished when I told him where I found this record. He called over to Mr. Brown's desk and said I had done the division a service, because they had never known that the records of the ambulance men were kept in the office of the surgeon general. Of course he could take no action on the basis of my pencil memorandum, but said he would keep the papers in the Beck case on his desk, and would send a special inquiry to the surgeon general's office this afternoon, and as soon as a reply arrived he would put thru the case, "and," said he, "I hope we will be able to get Molly's first check to her within a very few days."

My search convinced me that there are thousands of just such cases. The applications are

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simply never filled out or are not promptly mailed, or they are improperly made out, with some data missing, which requires long search here or a letter to ask for the missing facts, or necessary affidavits are not enclosed, or proof of marriage is lacking. Of course there is the constant struggle with inefficient labor, careless, sloppy, slow, blundering in all departments, which always results when thousands of clerks have to be secured hurriedly.

But just to show what are the results when papers are properly made out and promptly mailed: I know a young soldier who enlisted January 2, 1918, and was sent to a southern camp. On February 12th, 1918, his mother received from Washington a treasury check for her January allotment.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 201

whose wisdom and pertinency have appealed to him, or perhaps an old book, some favorite of earlier days when life ran more evenly thru the sheltered streets of Princeton, before events transplanted him and before the world burst in tempest about his ears.

"Whether he is reading or conversing, the women of the family are busy with their incessant knitting. All thru the day, in spasmodic intervals, stolen moments from multifarious other duties, they have knitted, but the evening is solely dedicated to knitting. In the evening knitting is the 'business,' anything else an 'interruption.' Busily the amber needles click and cross and whip the gray yarn into form and soldier comfort, into sweaters, helmets, wristlets and socks. If there is any pause in the knitting it is to discuss in technical language some in-

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You can erect a chain of our six foot Giant Advertising Thermometers in public places, and become independent. Sell the 14 advertising spaces for \$184. Erecting one Giant a week nets you \$125 immediately, plus \$170 yearly on renewals. This is a dignified proposition enabling you to make money and preserve your self-respect. Write for book. Winlow, Cabot Company, 91 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895 and send ten cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 90, Le Roy, N. Y.

Old Coins. Large Spring Coin Catalog of Coins For Sale, free. Catalog quoting prices paid for coins, ten cents. William Hesslein, 101 Tremont St., Dept. NA, Boston, Mass.

Cash paid for old money of all kinds. \$5.00 for certain eagle cents; \$7.00 for certain 1853 quarters, etc. Send 4c. Get large Illustrated Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. NA, Fort Worth, Texas.

GRADUATE NURSES

Wanted Sup't of Nurses, Surgical Nurses, General Duty Nurses, etc. Send for free book if interested in a hospital position anywhere. Aznoe's Cent. Reg. for Nurses, 30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

tricate problem of stitch or fit. The President's head has been used more than once for a 'model' or demonstration of an abstruse helmet problem. The President's hands are sometimes utilized for holding yarn which must be wound into balls, feminine hands being too much occupied for such secondary service."

It is a picture of President Wilson's home life worth cutting out and preserving.

The Question She Asked Herself

Continued from page 208

me to stay. I should have known that you'd be glad for me to go. Aren't you glad, Helen?"

"Glad? Of course I'm glad, old dear." And she coughed to disguise a sob, which insisted upon showing how glad she was. "I'm glad to do my bit by putting no obstacles in your way."

And they planned how everything could be managed. Her own suggestions came with the conviction of well-thought-out and long-considered arrangements, and she realized that in the back of her head she'd been anticipating this contingency all along.

There was a prouder tilt to his head and a new resilience to his step as they walked along.

"You know," he said, "I'm not much of a talker, but I'll be glad to show some fellows what sort of a pro-German a fellow named Carl Hoffman is."

At her office door he left her, saying he was off to look up some "rattling good Americans" to give him a "rec" for the officers' training camp.

She followed his straight figure with her eyes until it was swallowed up in the crowd crossing Broadway.



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The Chamberlin directly faces Hampton Roads, which is always the scene of marine activity. Just across the Roads, immediately in front of the hotel, is the site of the New Naval Training Base and Aviation School. Langley Field, the Army Aviation Experiment Station, is but a few miles away. This is becoming the show place for aviation in America.

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The cuisine is famous, and naturally so, since the finest sea-foods are obtainable in the waters around Old Point Comfort. The Medicinal Bath

Department (under authoritative medical direction) is complete in every detail, and duplicates every bath and treatment given at European spas, with the additional advantages of sea air and sea bathing.

"An interesting, sporty, convenient, eighteen-hole Golf Course, Grass Putting Greens and Attractive Club House. You may safely count on golf every day in the year."

Send for colored Aeroplane Map of this Course (the only one of its kind ever made in America), which will be sent you with our booklet "Golf," if you desire it, as well as booklets dealing with different phases of life at the Chamberlin. Write today to

GEO. F. ADAMS, Mgr., Fortress Monroe, Va.

New York Office: Bertha Ruffner Hotel Bureau, McAlpin Hotel, Cook's Tours, or "Ask Mr. Foster" at any of his offices.



Battling the Hun in the Clouds

Continued from page 206

"This is all right when a man is over his own territory, because he can right his machine and come out of it; but if it happens over German territory, the Huns would only follow him down, and when he came out of the spin they would be above him, having all the advantage, and would shoot him down with ease. It is a good way of getting down into a cloud, and is used very often by both sides.

"A spin being made by a pilot intentionally looks exactly like a spin that is made by a machine actually being shot down, so one never knows whether it is forced or intentional until the pilot either rights his machine and comes out of it, or crashes to the ground.

"Another dive similar to this one is known as just the plain dive. Assume, for instance, that a pilot, flying at a height of several thousand feet, is shot, loses control of his machine, and the nose of the plane starts down with the motor full on.

"He is going at a tremendous speed, and in many instances is going so straight and swiftly that the speed is too great for the machine, because it was never constructed to withstand

the enormous pressure forced against the wings, and they consequently crumple up.

"If, too, in an effort to straighten the machine the elevators should become affected, as often happens in trying to bring a machine out of a dive, the strain is again too great on the wings, and there is the same disastrous result.

"Oftentimes when the petrol tank is punctured by a tracer bullet from another machine in the air, the plane that is hit catches on fire and either gets into a spin or a straight dive and heads for the earth, hundreds of miles an hour, a mass of flame, looking like a brilliant comet in the sky.

"The spinning nose dive is used to greater advantage by the Germans than by our own pilots for the reason that, when a fight gets too hot for the German, he will put his machine in a spin, and as the chances are nine out of ten that we are fighting over German territory, he simply spins down out of our range, straightens out before he reaches the ground, and gets on home to his airdrome.

"It is useless to follow him down inside the German lines, for you would in all probability be shot down before you can attain sufficient altitude to cross the line again.

"Personally, I have always tried to out-think the Hun and thus avoid his traps. If I had not made it a point to pursue this policy, I am afraid I would not be here now to tell the story."

War Savings Slogans and Jingles

THE effort of every man, woman and child in the United States today is centered on the idea of everyone doing his or her bit to help win the war. The year 1918 will see the organization of five hundred thousand War Savings Societies in the United States. This splendid idea, the volunteer organization of men, women, and children, each pledging the loan of a part of his earnings every week to the government, is an example of true democracy. To stimulate the imagination, and create additional interest in the War Savings Society movement, to put it on everybody's lips, as can come only thru the phrases and jingles that strike the popular fancy—as familiar and intimate as our folk songs—this column of slogans and jingles will be a feature of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for 1918. It will be open to contributions from "Soldiers of Thrift," members of War Savings Societies.

For each slogan or jingle accepted we will send one "Thrift Stamp." For the best one, as indicated by its publication at the top of the column, we will send four "Thrift Stamps."

Let everybody talk, rhyme, sloganize, and economize for Thrift this year—it means much to the country.

Sing a song of small change
Before that quarter's gone;
Go and get a thrift stamp,
And promptly stick it on.

Mary, Mary, blithe and fairy,
How does your savings go?
Go get a stamp and make it damp,
And watch the thrift card grow.

Back of the boys who fight,
Back of their struggles hard,
Stands the little girl, with flowing curl,
Who's got a thrift stamp card.

The boys in the trenches are fighting,
Putting their faith in you;
The tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of the little thrift stamp
Is a message of hope from you.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
She gave them a thrift card,
Asked them to behave,
And all the little boys and girls
Then began to save.

Little Willie Thrift Stamp
Sticks with all his might.
He's mighty fit,
And does his bit
To help us win the fight.

Old Mother Hattress, she ripped up her mattress,
To see how much money she had;
She found there a quarter, and with it she bought
her
A thrift stamp, and then she was glad.

Little lonesome quarter,
Feeling far from fit,
Changed into a thrift stamp,
And gladly did his bit.

Willie had a little gun,
Which made a noise like thunder.
He filled it full of thrift stamps,
And snowed the Kaiser under.

Hasten, hasten, quarter bright,
Take your place in line and fight.
On a thrift card you are due.
Uncle Sam will welcome you.

Mary had a little coin,
And like a dear, good child,
She bought with it a thrift stamp,
Which made the Kaiser wild.

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"WHITE HOUSE" COFFEE

IS ON YOUR LINE

Call up your grocer, on the 'phone. When he answers "Hello!" tell him to send up a can of "White House" Coffee—that nothing else will do.

IT SUITS WHEN OTHERS DISAPPOINT

No grocer should deny you, for the wire connections with our factory—through our various distributors in the principal parts of the United States—make it possible for any dealer, no matter when or where, to obtain a supply of this superb coffee without delay.

Packed only in 1, 2 and 3 lb. sealed tin cans.

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO.

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A REPRESENTATIVE GROCERY STORE



A TYPICAL HOME

Let's Talk it Over

BY every manner and means known to the advertising fraternity, the people of the United States are being exhorted to buy Liberty Bonds. Posters and placards line the streets; automobiles, street cars and all sorts of conveyances carry the device in some form or other. In theatre and "movie" show, and staring from favorite newspaper or magazine page, is the familiar slogan "Buy a Liberty Bond."

Those of us who can afford only a "baby bond" or two are very likely to think that because the investment is small, it is of little consequence.

Fifty or a hundred dollars seem paltry, indeed, when the sum required is comprehended.

Thinking in terms of the amount of money involved, the ratio is disconcerting, but to assign a concrete buying power to that fifty or a hundred dollars puts an entirely different aspect on the proposition.

For instance, one \$50 bond will buy trench knives for a rifle company. It will buy, say twenty-three hand grenades, or fourteen rifle grenades, or thirty-seven cases of surgical instruments for enlisted men's belts, or ten cases of surgical instruments for officers' belts.

A \$100 bond will clothe a soldier, or feed him for eight months. It will purchase five rifles or thirty grenades, or forty-three hand grenades, or, if you happen to be inclined toward the assuagement of wounds rather than the infliction thereof, consider that your \$100 will pay for twenty-five pounds of ether, or one hundred and forty-five hot-water bags, or two thousand surgical needles.

If you can buy both a \$100 and a \$50 bond, it will be equivalent to clothing and equipping an infantry soldier for service overseas, or feeding him for a year.

Two \$100 bonds will provide a horse or mule for cavalry, artillery, or other service.

Three \$100 bonds will clothe a soldier and feed him for one year in France, or buy a motorcycle for a machine-gun company.

Four \$100 bonds—

But wait, that's going beyond the depth of the average modest buyer—still it is good to know that if you're able to buy four of the hundred-dollar variety, you might be paying for an X-ray outfit, or that your five hundred dollars purchased bicycles for the headquarters company of an infantry regiment.

Money in itself means but little to us of today. What it will buy means much—and that buying power seems to be an ever-dwindling quantity as the days pass.

Which, come to think of it, is in itself an argument to **BUY NOW—**

How many?

Money talks! Let your money preach the doctrine of democracy!

FUTURE officers of the United States Army at West Point have been "Hooverized" along with their military training. All bread which is used is composed of forty-five per cent wheat flour, forty-five per cent rye and ten per cent white bolted grain flour. This bread is entirely satisfactory, and many cadets consider it superior to the former product composed entirely of wheat flour.

A great saving has been effected in the use of fats. Formerly about 840 pounds of lard and 450 pounds of butterine were consumed by the cadets each month. The use of these two products has been entirely discontinued. In their place, drippings obtained from the fatty portions of meat carcasses are substituted; the yield from the meat purchased for use in the mess being about 2,500 pounds of fine grease, which is used in making pie-crusts, French-fried potatoes and similar dishes. After this grease has served its purpose, it is shipped to New York, where the clear grease is sold at thirteen and one-half cents per pound, the by-products in the way of scrap bringing four and one-half cents. The bones from the carcasses are sold at one and one-half cents per pound. Who said Uncle Sam wasn't thrifty?

Books for the Soldier Boy

Infantry Drill Regulations

Recommended by War Department. Printed page for page as it appears in the larger manual. Revised to date. The handiest edition of the United States Infantry Drill Regulations published.

Manual of Interior Guard Duty

A follow-up book for the Drill Regulations. Covers all phases of camp duty, guard posting, etc. An essential textbook for the soldier who desires to advance.

Quick French for Soldiers and Sailors

A handy edition for men who must learn the essentials in a hurry. Especially adapted for the men "going over" or who "are over." Contains the more important phrases necessary to enable to talk with their French compatriots.

Shirt Pocket Editions

Just Right for the Soldiers' Pocket
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Nothing to Equal This in New England

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At their Anniversary Dinner this Ham is the "Honored Dish"

It is their silver wedding day, and the time for reminiscence. He tells of the first dinner she ever cooked for him. "We had baked ham like this one. I'll never forget how delicious it tasted."

For twenty-five years they have always had the same ham—Swift's Premium. Whenever she wished to give her husband an unusually good dinner she served it.

Each one she bought was just as fine as the one before—just the proportion of fat and

lean they liked best—so tender, so exquisitely delicious. The special Premium cure and the fragrant smoke of hickory fires have penetrated every fibre and added a new mellow-ness, a new, delicate zest to the original fine flavor of this ham.

Have Swift's Premium Ham, baked. Let your family enjoy the ham which for a quarter of a century has delighted thousands of other particular families by its incomparable tenderness and flavor.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

